

# SPIRIT

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### "ANECDOTES OF HIS OWN TIMES."

BY DR. WILLIAM KING, PRINCIPAL OF MARY COLLEGE, OXON. LONDON. 1818.

**T**HIS is one of those light and pleasant volumes, which being taken up are not hastily laid down again; and what is better, when laid down it contains temptations strong enough to lead to its being resumed again.

Dr. King was born in 1685, and died in 1763. His public and literary biography is too well known to require notice here: suffice it to repeat, that he was a polite scholar, a wit, and till near the close of his life a hearty Jacobite.

The anecdotes themselves are desultory and curious: many of them little creditable to the individuals mentioned, and some of them placing high characters both in literature and politics in a point of view not very consolatory to human nature to contemplate. All men have indeed their foibles and their vices; but it may be allowed us to express a regret when these follies or crimes are exposed to the world. We are somewhat fond of the *beau ideal* in our species, and cannot but grieve to have our visions spoiled by seeing Marlborough represented as a miser, and Pope as a victim to dram-drinking. Alas, for the common herd of mankind, when Heroes and Bards may be so miserable and frail.

But without indulging in moral reflections, we shall proceed to lay before our readers the materials for a great many, both of an amusing and serious

description, by selecting a few specimens from the volume before us. These may appear unconnected, but they are not more so than in the original, where time seems to be the only link, and the "garrulous old age" of the narrator (76 years) the only measure.

"At a dinner-party at the Duke of Ormonde's in 1715, Sir William Wyndham, in a jocular dispute about short prayers, told the company, among whom was Bishop Atterbury, that the shortest prayer he had ever heard was that of a common soldier just before the battle of Blenheim: "*O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul.*" This was followed by a general laugh. Atterbury seemed to join in the conversation, and applying himself to Sir W. Wyndham, said, "Your prayer, Sir William, is indeed very short: but I remember another as short, but a much better, offered up likewise by a poor soldier in the same circumstances, "*O God, if in the day of battle I forget thee, do not thou forget me!*"

The humiliating story of Pope, to which we have alluded, is told in the following manner:

"A man who has contracted the pernicious habit of drinking drams, is conscious that he is taking in a slow poison, and therefore he will never own

it either to his friend or to his physician, though it is visible to all his acquaintance. Pope and I, with my Lord Orrery and Sir Harry Bedingfield, dined with the late Earl of Burlington. After the first course Pope grew sick, and went out of the room. When dinner was ended, my Lord Burlington said he would go out, and see what was become of Pope. And soon after they returned together. But Pope looked very pale, and complained much. My Lord asked him if he would have some mulled wine, or a glass of old sack, which Pope refused. I told my Lord Burlington that he wanted a dram. Upon which the little man expressed some resentment against me, and said he would not taste any spirits, and that he abhorred drams as much as I did. However I persisted, and assured my Lord Burlington that he could not oblige our friend more at that instant than by ordering a large glass of cherry-brandy to be set before him. This was done, and in less than half an hour, while my Lord was acquainting us with an affair which engaged our attention, Pope had sipped up all the brandy. Pope's frame of body did not promise long life; but he certainly hastened his death by feeding much on high-seasoned dishes, and drinking spirits."

We hope the latter assertion had no better proof than that of sipping a little cherry-brandy when sick.

The corruption carried to such an extent in both Houses of Parliament by Sir Robert Walpole, furnishes several gross tales of most direct and shameful bribery. In one case, Sir Robert, when anxious to carry a particular measure, is represented as putting a Bank bill for 2000*l.* into the hands of one of his opponents, saying, "Such a question comes on this day; give me your vote, and here is 2000*l.* for you." The bribe was accepted. We do trust that in our day such an affair could not take place even between the most profligate minister and the meanest member of a parliament such as that just elected, which, to speak the truth of it, comprehends as many personages of improper

character for legislators as any senate within our remembrance. As for the House of Lords, Sir Robert assured Mr. Levison (Lord Gower's brother) when standing next him in that House during a warm debate, "that for all the zeal and vehemence of the opposition, he knew the price of every man of them except *three*."

Dr. King enlivens, with two or three whimsical stories, some very sensible remarks on the custom of giving money to servants, which was carried to such a pitch at this period, that a man could not dine with his father, brother, or nearest relative or friend, unless he paid for his dinner.

"I remember (says he) a lord POOR, a Roman Catholic peer of Ireland, who lived upon a small pension which Q. Anne had granted him: he was a man of honour and well esteemed; and had formerly been an officer of some distinction in the service of France. The Duke of Ormonde had often invited him to dinner, and he as often excused himself. At last the Duke kindly expostulated with him, and would know the reason why he so constantly refused to be one of his guests. My Lord POOR then honestly confessed that he could not afford it. "But," says he, "if your Grace will put a guinea into my hands as often as you are pleased to invite me to dine, I will not decline the honour of waiting on you." This was done; and my Lord was afterwards a frequent guest at St. James's Square.

"My lord Taaffe, of Ireland, a general officer in the Austrian service, came into England a few years ago on account of his private affairs. When his friends, who had dined with him, were going away he always attended them to the door, and if they offered any money to the servant who opened it (for he never suffered but one servant to appear) he always prevented them, saying, in his manner of speaking English, "*if you do give, give it to me, for it was I that did buy the dinner.*"

The author humorously ridicules this abominable custom, by proposing an inscription to be placed over the door of every man of rank:



*"The fees for dining here are three half-crowns [or ten shillings] to be paid to the porter on entering the house: Peers or Peeresses to pay what more they think proper."*

The subjoined incident related of Cromwell is quite new to us, and exhibits that extraordinary man in a novel light.

"In the civil war, my grandfather, Sir William Smyth, was governor of\* Hillesdon House, near Buckingham, where the king had a small garrison. This place was besieged and taken by Cromwell. But the officers capitulated to march out with their arms, baggage, &c. As soon as they were without the gate, one of Cromwell's soldiers snatched off Sir W. Smyth's hat. He immediately complained to Cromwell of the fellow's insolence, and breach of the capitulation. "Sir," says Cromwell, "if you can point out the man, or I can discover him, I promise you he shall not go unpunished. In the meantime (taking off a new beaver, which he had on his head) be pleased to accept this hat instead of your own."

The author reprobates the vice of avarice, and truly remarks that the character of a miser has never been so forcibly drawn for the stage (even in the *Eucio* of Plautus, *L'Avare* of Moliere, or the *Miser* of Shadwell) but that it has been exceeded in real life. It is in elucidating this topic that he tells us of the Duke of Marlborough walking from the public rooms to his lodgings in Bath, in a cold dark night, in order to save sixpence in chair hire, though he died worth more than a million and a half sterling. Another example is recorded in "Sir James Lowther (who) after changing a piece of silver in George's Coffee House, and paying twopence for his dish of coffee, was helped into his chariot (for he was then very old and infirm) and went home; some little time after he returned to the same coffee-house on purpose to acquaint the woman who kept it, that she had given him a bad halfpenny, and de-

manded another in exchange for it. Sir James had about 40,000*l.* per annum, and was at a loss whom to appoint his heir."

Other instances are adduced of this odious passion: one of a Commissioner Colby of the Victualling Office, worth 200,000*l.* who fell a sacrifice to his anxiety to save a bottle of wine from the dishonesty of his servants; and another of his own grandfather, Sir W. Smyth, who agreed with Taylor, the well-known oculist of that day, to couch him for 60 guineas; but, though the operation was perfectly successful, cheated the operator into a compromise for 20, by pretending that he had only a glimmering and uncertain vision.

Dr. King animadvert upon the serious consequences which often flow from trifling incidents; and according to his manner relates some interesting or entertaining anecdotes on the subject. He says,—"I remember two gentlemen, who were constant companions, disputing one evening at the Grecian Coffee House concerning the accent of a Greek word. This dispute was carried to such a length that the two friends thought proper to determine it with their swords; for this purpose they stepped out into Devereux Court, where one of them (whose name, if I rightly remember, was Fitzgerald) was run through the body, and died on the spot."

The following is a more pleasing illustration:—"J. G. my old acquaintance, and one Mr. E. of Bristol, both single men, and in good health and good circumstances, agreed to travel together for three or four years, and visit all the countries of Europe; for that purpose they provided themselves with passports, bills of exchange, letters of credit and recommendation, &c. About six or seven days after they set out, they arrived at Brussels, where they had for supper a woodcock and a partridge; they disputed long which of the birds should be cut up first, and with so much heat and animosity, that if they had not both been gentlemen of well-tempered courage, this silly dispute might have terminated as unhappily as the affair at the Grecian Coffee-house.

\* Dr. K. insinuates that this siege is not mentioned by Clarendon, because he and Sir W. Smyth were "not good friends"!

To such a height however the quarrel arose, that they did not only renounce their new design of travelling, but all friendship and correspondence; and the next morning they parted, and returned to England, one by the way of *Calais*, and the other through *Holland*!"

We have got into such a story-telling and gossiping mood with our companionable author, that we must abjure the idea, with which we set out, of extracting at length his remarkable account of an interview with the Pretender in London in 1750, and very unfavourable portrait of that Prince, to whose name the ideas of so much chivalry and romance are attached. These we must reserve for our next Number, and in the interim wind up this string of anecdotes with three more which have struck us as worthy of repetition, though perhaps the first is better known to others than to ourselves.

"Atterbury opposing a bill in the House of Peers, said that *'he prophesied last winter this bill would be attempted in the present session, and he was sorry to find that he had proved a true prophet.'* Lord Coningsby, who always spoke in a passion, remarked that *'one of the Right Reverends had set himself forth as a prophet; but for his part he did not know what prophet to liken him to, unless to that furious prophet BALAAM, who was reprov'd by his own ass.'* The Bishop, in a reply, with great wit and calmness, exposed this rude attack, concluding that—*'Since the noble Lord hath discovered in our manners such a similitude, I am well content to be compared to the*

*prophet BALAAM: but, my Lords, I am at a loss how to make out the other part of the parallel: I am sure that I have been reprov'd by nobody but his Lordship.'*"

What follows is yet more worthy of a dignitary of the church.

"Butler, Bishop of Durham, being applied to on some occasion for a charitable subscription, asked his Steward what money he had in the house. The Steward informed him there was 500*l.* "Five hundred pounds!" said the Bishop; "what a shame for a Bishop to have such a sum in his possession!" and ordered it all to be immediately given to the poor."

The author rather uncharitably seems to intimate that no such Bishops were latterly to be found; that they mostly died shamefully rich, and that celibacy in the clergy is desirable to check this avaricious principle of hoarding for their families instead of dispensing to the poor. Among others he names Burnett, who was, he says, "a furious party-man, and easily imposed on by the lying spirit of his own faction; but he was a better pastor than any man who is now seated on the bishop's bench." He left his children only their mother's fortune; and declared he should think it a shame to raise fortunes for them out of the revenue of his bishopric.

We conclude with three excellent maxims of an old monk to enable a man to pass through life with comfort:

*Nunquam male loqui de superioribus.*

*Fungi officio taliter qualiter.*

*Sincere insanum mundum vadere, quo vult; nam vult vadere, quo vult.*

## M. DUPIN'S JOURNEY IN ENGLAND. CONTINUED.

From the New Monthly Magazine, December 1818.

**F**ROM the Admiralty, situated in the centre of the principal offices of government, messengers may reach in half an hour the arsenal at Deptford, and in an hour that of Woolwich; in four hours they can get to Chatham; in six to Sheerness, in eight to Portsmouth, and in twenty-four to Plymouth, the most distant of all the public estab-

lishments. But notwithstanding this rapidity of communication, the telegraphic stations can carry on a much quicker correspondence between the Admiralty and all the naval depots. These telegraphs, till lately, consisted of large square compartments in a frame, by which various signals were made. At present *our* Semaphore is



adopted\*, with some alterations made by Rear-Admiral Sir HOME POPHAM, who has made great additions to the art both of land and sea signals. He himself explained to me the nature of his ship-telegraphs, or code of signals.

The Admiralty issues general orders respecting the navy, makes appointments, grants rewards, and orders naval courts-martial. The Lords of the Admiralty go out with the ministry. The duty of the Navy-office is to direct the execution of the works ordered by the Admiralty. Provisioning the ships, arming and disarming, and in short, all that relates to the particulars of the navy come within its province. The Commissioners of the Navy are not removed on a change of ministry. This department, at once independent and subordinate, appears to me to be a *chef-d'œuvre* amongst the English institutions.

The Victualling Office, which since the peace has been united to the Navy Office has under its control whatever relates to the procuring of food for the navy. The principal depot of this department is at Deptford, where by the grandeur of its edifices, it seems to form a town of itself. Biscuit is baked there daily for the supply of from 24,000 to 30,000 men. Similar bakehouses are established, at all the grand naval arsenals. What struck me most pointedly in these bakehouses was, the division of the labour, and the rapidity with which it is performed, as well as the means of discovering at any time negligence or fraud, whether on the part of the workmen or overseers.

The English government would regard not merely as an act of barbarity, but of wickedness, any saving obtained at the expense of men who devote their strength and life to the defence of the country. Every thing with which they are furnished is therefore abundant, wholesome, agreeable to the taste, and I might almost say delicate. When I as-

\* We never wish to lose sight of the courtesy due to a liberal and ingenious foreigner; yet we cannot yield to M. Dupin's countrymen the invention of the Semaphore. This invention is unquestionably due to a man who is too rich in valuable contrivances to be obstreperous in his claims for the honour of this—Colonel PASLEY of the Royal Engineers.

sert that a ship's crew frequently breakfasts on chocolate, I shall perhaps cause the superficial observer to laugh; but those who have profited by the lessons of Hannibal, know how much effect physical strength, added to moral influence, has in deciding the loss or gain of battles.

Next to the Victualling Office at Deptford, is the Naval Dock-yard in the same town; but it is the least extensive, and the least important of any. Yet the place deserves notice, for it was here, in a private dock near the arsenal, that PETER THE GREAT came to learn the art of ship-building.

Continuing along the right bank of the Thames, you arrive at Greenwich, where Charles II. endeavouring to imitate Louis XIV. in his errors and his weaknesses, built a magnificent palace, in order to withdraw the festivals of his licentious court from the gates of the capital. Soon afterwards, William and Mary, also imitating LOUIS LE GRAND, converted this palace into an asylum for invalid sailors.

The celebrated Observatory, from which the English seamen compute their longitude, is built on *Flamstead Hill*, in *Greenwich Park*. It takes its name from the astronomer who first had the direction of it, and rendered it famous from the very time of its erection.\*

An establishment little known, but not less worthy of being so, than any of those of which we have spoken, is the *Naval Asylum*, a school in which are gratuitously brought up the sons of sailors and sub-officers of the navy, who have fallen in fighting for their country. It is situated between the Observatory and the Hospital.

The Dock-yard at Woolwich deserves much greater attention than that of

\* *Flamstead* was born at Derby in 1646. In 1674, his friend Sir Jonas Moore, the surveyor-general of the ordnance, and one of the greatest promoters of mathematical and nautical science which England ever possessed, obtained for him the appointment of Astronomer Royal, and in 1675 the foundation stone of *Flamstead House* was laid. Hence it happened that the situation of Astronomer Royal was under the supervision and pay of the Board of Ordnance; and so I believe it has continued till the last year, when an attempt, we think a successful one, was made to place it under another department.

Deptford. Ships of the largest size have been built there, from the time of the famous *Harry by the grace of God*, built by Henry VII. to that of the *Nelson*, a first rate, of 120 guns. In this arsenal, I saw a machine, invented by Mr. Hookey, for bending wood. It is sufficiently strong for bending the pieces that form ship's knees; it appeared, however, to me, that too little use was made of this interesting invention.

Mr. RENNIE is now building at Woolwich Dock-yard, a forge, all the implements of which are to be moved by a steam engine. They make here the largest anchors. The establishment altogether is incontestibly the first of its kind in England, and perhaps in Europe.

About two or three years ago, experiments were made on a great scale, to impregnate timber with a mineral solution, which was to preserve it from rotting. For this purpose they employed a high pressure steam engine, that the gas might penetrate more easily between the fibres of wood expanded by heat. But the heat and compression were so much increased, that one day the whole apparatus blew up, by which several persons were killed or wounded, and much serious damage was done in the vicinity of the explosion. It does not appear, that any subsequent attempt has been made to repeat the experiment.

At Woolwich is the principal establishment of the Ordnance Department, which includes the military engineers, and the land and sea artillery. In this last point of view, the arsenal of Woolwich became to me an object of special attention. It contains a great number of machines, well worthy of being studied; but I shall confine myself to speaking of the saws and hydraulic presses.

In my work on the English artillery, I have described in detail, the hydraulic engines of Pascal, as improved by Bramah, and particularly their application to the planing of wood. A horizontal wheel is armed with thirty-two equi-distant gouges, and has two planes at the extremities of its diameter. It is made to turn at pleasure, by a steam engine. The piece of timber intended to be planed, is made to move in

a right line on a carriage, which is caused to advance uniformly by an hydraulic press, that is also set in motion by the steam engine. Thus while the timber proceeds under the wheel till it has made half its revolution, sixteen of the gouges make on it as many distinct ruts or indentions, about the breadth of a centimetre (two-fifths of an inch.) Immediately afterwards the fifteen light ridges that separate the sixteen incisions or ruts, are carried off by a cut of the plane which follows the sixteen gouges. By this apparatus, in less than a minute the sides of the largest pieces of timber used in gun-carriages can be planed. A particular hydraulic press serves to elevate or lower the vertical axis of the wheel that contains the knives, so that it may be made to reach the wood whether more or less thick.

Mr. BRUNEL has erected at the Woolwich arsenal, a mill of long saws, which move by the steam-engine. It is remarkable, that the whole apparatus is made of scarcely any thing but iron and copper, and also because the action and suspension of the movements are performed with great precision and simplicity. These saws act with great rapidity, and the labour they perform is immense.

The Ordnance Department liberally rewarded Mr. BRUNEL for this invention; for besides the stipulated remuneration, he has received a considerable pension. After enjoying this pension for some years, Mr. BRUNEL wished to sell it, and was permitted to do so. I mention with pleasure this noble and generous manner of treating men of science. Such facts confer more credit on a government than the most refined compliments or pompous eulogia.

It was at Woolwich that Dr. HUTTON made his experiments on the *ballistic pendulum*, which have been continued on a much larger scale by Dr. GREGORY and Colonel MILLAR, who invented a very ingenious small saw for turning. In my work on Artillery, I have given a description of the excellent apparatus used for these ballistic experiments.\*

\* We believe that besides Dr. GREGORY and Colonel MILLAR, whom M. Dupin men-



The Royal Military Academy, which was heretofore within the arsenal, is now separated from it. If I were indebted to Sir JOSEPH BANKS, President of the Royal Society of London, for nothing but my acquaintance with, and the friendship shewn to me by Colonel MUDGE, the Governor of this Academy, it would be sufficient to lay me under an eternal obligation to that *Mæcenas* of the sciences in Great Britain.

I am indebted to Colonel MUDGE, as well as to the professors and other officers of Woolwich, for materials as numerous as valuable; and I cannot express my gratitude too highly for the manner in which they exercised their hospitality in my favour.

On descending the Thames as far as its confluence with the Medway, you arrive at the isle of Sheppey. This is a vast swamp, formed by the overflowings of the Medway, which circumscribes it by two branches. At the north-west point of this isle is the naval town and arsenal of Sheerness. It has been necessary to form, by means of the hulls of vessels sunk in the mud, an artificial soil, sufficiently solid for supporting the buildings of this arsenal. The old establishments are small, insignificant, and are falling to ruin; but the new buildings are grand and beautiful. The arsenal has been enlarged at the expense of the river on one side, and on the other at that of the town. They have erected here dry and wet docks, and circular quays. For the exterior walls of all these works, nothing is employed but granite, which is

brought from Cornwall and Scotland, two of the extremities of Great Britain. The New Quay is built on piles, driven as much as 75 feet below the level of the lowest water-mark. In order to resist the drifting of muddy soil or other demi-liquid matter, of which the soil of the arsenal consists, the quay is backed by hollow and semicircular spurs, lined with brick-work, and filled with calcareous stones.

For the wood intended for masts, sub-marine depots are formed, divided into as many floors as it is intended to have ranges of timber.

Steam-engines, diving-bells, iron railways—in short, all the inventions of art are brought into use for executing these grand works with as much economy as rapidity. The erection of the New Arsenal at Sheerness is, in my opinion, one of those undertakings which do the greatest honour to the experience and talents of Mr. J. RENNIE, Inspector of the Maritime Works of England. The execution of the plans of this celebrated engineer is conducted with much skill by Mr. THOMAS, the Resident Engineer at Sheerness.

The isle of Sheppey is, as I have said, only a vast swamp, washed on all sides by salt water. There is not on the whole island a single spring of fresh water; and a few years ago, the residents were obliged to send as far as Chatham for the water that supplied the garrison and inhabitants of Sheerness, as well as for the fleet stationed at the Nore. In the hope, however, of finding some potable water, they dug a well, 120 yards deep; and it was not till they got to this great depth that they found what they sought;\* but having got thus low, an abundant spring rushed up and filled the well to within about two yards of the surface. Afterwards the water

tions, another artillery officer, Colonel GRIF-  
FITH, took an active part in the recent ballistic  
experiments at Woolwich. The ballistic  
pendulum, we learn from good authority,  
weighs more than 7,000 pounds, yet oscillates  
with all the smoothness, freedom and regularity  
of a clock pendulum. Balls of 6, 9, 12, 18,  
and 24 pound weight, have been fired against  
the wooden block of the pendulum, with veloci-  
ties varying from 800 to 1,700 feet per second,  
and the velocities accurately ascertained.  
Among the curious results of these experiments  
of which we have heard, we can only here  
mention one, viz. that when balls are fired with  
high velocities, at 90 feet distance from the  
pendulum, the moment they strike the anterior  
face of the wooden block, an irradiation is  
observed to proceed from the circumference of  
the circle of impact. This curious fact will  
remind our classical readers of some interesting  
passages in Lucretius and Virgil.

\* Such of our readers as wish to acquaint  
themselves with the ingenious mechanical con-  
trivances employed in the sinking of the wells  
at Sheerness, Landguard Fort, &c. will be  
gratified by the perusal of Sir THOMAS HYDE  
PAGE's paper in the 74th volume of the  
Philosophical Transactions. We have  
always understood, and think it due to a most  
ingenious man to mention it here, that the  
principal expedients in sinking the Sheerness  
well were devised by Mr. JOSEPH WHIDDEY,  
the able superintendant of the works at the  
Plymouth Breakwater.

sunk about 40 metres, but has not since decreased from this point in any considerable degree. What is astonishing, considering the nature and situation of the isle of Sheppey is, that this water is perfectly pure, and does not contain the least particle of solution of sea-salt. It is nevertheless extracted there in considerable quantities for the supply of the town, the arsenal, and the fleet. There has been found opposite Sheerness, on the other side of the Thames, which is in this part several miles wide, a spring, the rising and falling of which seems to correspond with those of the well at Sheerness. This interesting observation is worthy of being confirmed by others more precise and sufficiently extended.

While I was at Medway, I visited the famous ship the *Bellerophon*, which lay near the arsenal, transformed into a hulk for convicts, who, instead of being sent to Botany Bay, are employed on those works. In the conduct and arrangement of this hulk, every thing has been adopted that the most refined humanity could suggest to render a floating prison supportable and even comfortable to its inmates.

The convicts are lodged in little cabins, having large port-holes, closed with iron-gratings, which admit a sufficient quantity of air. The partitions of the chambers or cabins are formed of iron-railings, at intervals, and are covered with simple curtains, which are drawn aside at certain times of the day to let a free air through the different apartments. To each chamber is attached a privy, constructed beyond the side of the vessel, and yet so built as to prevent all possibility of escaping by it. Let not these details disgust our false delicacy. I appeal to those who have languished in ordinary prisons, to decide on what renders existence in them supportable or insupportable. On Sundays and holidays the convicts are collected together in a neat chapel, constructed at the foot of the mizen-mast, and occupying the space between decks.

On ascending the Medway from Sheerness to Chatham, you observe the river covered with vessels laid up in

ordinary. Their fresh and brilliant painting affords a striking contrast to the hideous appearance of the old smoked hulls, which seem like the remains of ships recently destroyed by a conflagration. It is within these floating tombs that are buried alive the maritime prisoners of war, whether Danish, Swedish, French, or Americans. They are lodged on the main, middle, and lower decks. In the last-mentioned place, the unfortunate wretches only respire in day time through holes about twice the size of one's hand; and during the night they breathe an air which there is no means of renewing. In a hulk for convicts four hundred malefactors form the maximum which it is allowed to contain. The ordinary number of prisoners of war confined within the same space on board a prison-ship of equal rate, is from eight to twelve hundred. The British Parliament has decided on the quantity of cubic feet of air necessary for the health of young apprentices, working in manufactories purified by ventilators, by which fresh air and light enter in abundance, and whence these children go out three times a day at full liberty. This quantity of air, supposed indispensable for children, is ten times greater than what, with regret I state it, is allowed to full-grown men who happen to become prisoners of war.\*

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*\* We are happy to be able, without difficulty, to free the British government from this stigma. It was never intended that prisoners of war should be permanently confined in prison-ships; but it was absolutely necessary that they should be so confined till suitable prisons, in healthy inland situations, could be erected for them on shore. Prisoners of war accumulated rapidly during the interval necessarily employed in those erections; but we will unhesitatingly affirm, that it was only during such an interval, and probably during only a short part of it, that prisoners of war were so thickly stowed as M. Dupin describes.*

*In the erection for French prisoners at Normancross, a space of more than thirty acres, on the brow of a hill, was occupied by the buildings, walks, and gardens devoted to the reception of from 3,000 to 5,000 men; and the space between the beds was greater than is allowed in ships of war. In the prisons at Perth, the space assigned was equally calculated to promote health and comfort. In the prisons at Dartmoor, the site is still more elevated, and the space of ground within the walls proportionably larger; and we have no doubt, that in all our inland erections for prisoners of*



On shewing what an immense difference is made in England between a convict and a disarmed enemy, I must presume to say, that I neither wish to appear as a vain declaimer, nor as a calumniator of a foreign power, too long

*war, an equal attention was paid to salubrity of situation, and to a sufficient extent of ground-space for active exercise and the consequent preservation of health. Should these remarks meet the eye of M. Dupin, we have an entire confidence that his liberal spirit will rejoice in the opportunity they will afford him of freeing the enlightened government of a generous nation (a nation not as he suspects, "equivocally" the friend of his,) from an aspersion which he has been induced too hastily to cast upon it.*

our rival, and now our equivocal friend. Certainly I have no fear of, nor ever did fear giving offence, or of hurting our national prejudices by paying to the British government a sincere tribute for their humane actions and institutions; but I am far less apprehensive of offending British pride by speaking strongly of facts which cannot but wound it; and perhaps, in the eyes of impartial judges, the honest nature of my remarks will be my excuse, as I have found myself obliged to make them, out of regard for my fellow-creatures, and the honour of civilization.

Continued in our next.

From the Literary Gazette.

## THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. XIV.

### ELECTIONEERING.

Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

*Citizens.* One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,

We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

*King John.*

**W**HAT a scene electioneering is! I shall never forget what I have seen of it! I was prevailed upon to go with a friend to witness his being elected; but it is the last scene of the kind in which I shall ever take a part. There was, however, in it, a mixture of the serio-comic, of the intriguing, of the marvellous, and of the ridiculous. There must certainly be a great charm in being a member of parliament; otherwise, would men condescend to drudge, flatter, fawn, and cajole, stoop to all ranks, and to all humours, to gain that point? A candidate is the most affable, the most accommodating character in the world; but it cannot be expected after such rebuffs, that when chosen, the same painful part should be acted to the end.

The rivalry at the election of which I have spoken, was excessive; and John Bull was more than ordinarily brutal. Yet so supple was one of the Candidates, that he considered a stone thrown at him only as a striking proof

of John's regard, and he "hugged the greasy rogues" as though they had been his dearest friends. Then were family anecdotes, and private vices, personal defects, and even personal misfortunes, made the broad theme of vulgar clamour, and bandied from side to side, in order to annoy the opposite party.

I was so ignorant of these matters, that I inveighed against such disgraceful practices, as a dishonour to the representatives of a great nation, and an indelible stain on the people who committed these excesses. But I was informed that it was all according to ancient custom, that a broken head or the receipt of a dead dog in one's face, was only the pot-luck on these occasions; and that Elections are the Englishman's carnivals, or rather his saturnalia; for, in the former, insults are given and received under the mask, and are, of course, less gross and degrading; but, in the latter, they are warranted by privilege and usage, and are assumed as if by charter.

One of the Candidates became a complete catechumen to his constituents elect; and it was laughable to hear how like a good boy he answered all his catechisers. My friend, however, took it easier; he had represented the city before, and knew the temper of his con-

stituents. The Corn Bill was thrown into his face; but he swallowed it. The Habeas Corpus Act he took the liberty to parry; and as he had no place nor pension, he got off scot free on those heads. What most astonished me was, that a very proud and a very indolent man should so demean himself for a vote, and bestir himself with such activity in order to accomplish his purpose. His memory, too, appeared to me prodigious. He recollected every man's name, his avocation, his weakness, his circumstances, and his interest.

"Ha, Thomas," it was to one, "how well you look! why, you've shaken off your ague?" "Ees," says Thomas, "I've been shaking long enough, but they shan't shake my politics." "Well done, Thomas! I honour thee: give me thy hand (the dirtiest I ever saw, covered with manure.) Then thou'lt stick to the old Orange interest." (Thomas) "Noah—I have had much better offers t'other side. Beside, I think we ban't well used by the King's men; dang it, they're too proud; they treats the poor all as one as dirt under their feet." "Oh! fie; oh! fie, my dear Thomas."—My friend stepped aside with Thomas: what he said to him I don't pretend to know; but thrice they shook hands; and Thomas shook his sides with laughter. He went off grinning, and said, "Well, ye bid to get the plumper."

He next met an old man. "How sorry I was, friend Barnacle, for the loss of your cattle (this circumstance he learned a few minutes before.) I wish you had written to me; but I think I have a plan for you. By the by, how many sons have you who are freemen?" "Four, your honour." "And how are they doing?" "Mortal bad; and the young one, I can't do nothing with." "That's a pity, friend Barnacle. I should think that the Blue Coat school would not be a bad thing for the young one; and the two eldest must manage your affairs."—"Ees."—"And I should think that Jack—" "His name is James, your honour." "Ah! true—James would make a rare exciseman; he's a keen dog, friend Barnacle."

"Ah! that he be." "And, Bob—" "Bill, your honour." "True! how can I be so foolish—Bill would make a good clerk." "Ees, the lad writes a scholardly hand." "Well, do you take as much snuff as ever?" "Ees, your honour, I likes it as well as ever; but it's waundy dear." "Come, give me a pinch; and, I say, my servant shall bring you a pound of rare stuff, which I brought you from town." "I thank you kindly." "There, go up to the hustings; take the four boys, all plumbers, I hope." "Ees." After which my friend bought a pound of common snuff, and sent it as if he had brought it from London.

Coming to a smart well-dressed fellow, he said. "Are you out of place?" "I am, Sir." "But have you kept your vote?" "I have, Sir." "Well, we must get you into a place." "Yes, Sir, I should like a place under government; I am tired of service." "Surely! well we must see to that," (the man had been a footman!)

Disengaged from him, my friend was attacked by an old woman, who abused him most violently for breach of promises, for voting against the interest of the country, for neglect, and for a long list of sins. His gentleness and adroitness got the better in the end; and after enduring much, he prevailed upon her to allow her son to split his vote betwixt him and the opposite party.

"Honest Mr. Shambles!" exclaimed he next, "Why you didn't give me a call when last you came to Smithfield." "Yes, your honour, I did; but your pert jack-a-napes of a French Valet almost shut the door in my face, and said as how you was not visible." "A rascal!" said the Member; "I must turn him away, Shambles; he offends every body; he does not know how to discriminate between my real friends, and a parcel of intruders. But I say, that's a mighty pretty woman—your second wife." "Tol lol, your honour." "And what do you think of doing with your heir—a fine lad too—your only son, I think?" "He is, Sir. Why I think of making a doctor of him (fine lessons of humanity he must have learned from



you, thought I to myself), but he prefers being a parson; and as I can afford to give him the first of neddyctions, it don't matter. He's a bright boy; he'll get on; and I can give him some thousands.' "Right, my honest friend; and I know a family which has high church interest. But we must not talk of that now; at another time we will. He'll make a capital Bishop; he speaks well, don't he?" "Oh! aye, your honour, he has the gift of the gab: you'll hear him by and by tip 'em a bit of a speech for your side of the question." "Bravo! But, Shambles, why don't you make him a lawyer? I could give him a lift there: d—me, I should not be surprised to see him Lord Chancellor yet." The old butcher was so delighted with this dream of ambition, that he went off resolved to strain every nerve for my friend, and swore, that if his next door neighbour, who had promised his vote for the Blue, as he called it, did not break his word and change sides, he would arrest him for his bill due for meat.

We lastly called at a School-master's, who had seven children. These my friend called Cherubim and Seraphim. Indeed all the Electors' children whom he met, were the finest children in the world. Into each of their hands he put a guinea. But this was no bribery; for it is clear that the poor children had no vote, and the fathers did not see the money given, neither could they be accountable for others.

On our road to the Hustings, I asked him if he had such extensive interest as to give away all the things which he had led his friends to expect. He answered in the negative. I inquired what then he could give them? which he answered me by putting the two following questions: "Can our physicians cure one-tenth of the maladies incident to man, or restore all their patients to health? Can they always give them even relief?" "Decidedly not." "Neither can I provide for all these people. Indeed I don't think that I can provide for any of them: but there is one thing which I can give them, and so can the physician to his patients." "What is

that?" "Hope!" I was now quite satisfied with the solidity of his promises.

Nor was my friend less adroit at the Hustings than in his canvass. He solicited on all sides, took advantage of every thing, thanked his friends, seemed good humoured to his enemies, attacked every voter with, "My good Sir, have you not forgotten that although you are bound to support my honourable brother candidate, you gave me hopes, (or you promised) that you would divide your votes betwixt us?" By this *ruse de guerre* he cajoled more than one, and raised such a spirit of peace and of conciliation as produced him many votes.

When the business was over, I asked him whether he was not fatigued and disgusted? "Both, very much, my dear friend," replied he; "but then our object is achieved, and, luckily for us, it happens but once in seven years." This polling business is a dreadful ordeal, through which every one is not fit to pass: a good front is certainly necessary! I am now convinced that nothing is deemed humiliating or degrading in gambling, in horse-dealing, and in electioneering, provided that success attend the operations of the parties.

Before I left the town where the Election occurred, by way of seeing all the humours of the place, I went to an open house of the opposite side, for I wore no ribbons nor distinctive badge; and being neither citizen nor freeman, I was not an object of jealousy to any party. Here I saw a large assemblage of voters and others engaged in political discussion. A cattle Doctor was the president, and a Bricklayer was upon his legs. I lost the greater part of his discourse; but a Rat-catcher,\* who was near me, informed me that he was considered a very sound politician and a great orator.

"Gentlemen!" cried he to the assembly, "we are ruined by the crown and the church interest, by the aristocracy, and the preponderance of placemen. Intolerance, bigotry and superstition,

\* This person would be a very dangerous member of a Committee of the House of Commons, though quite at home in the True-Blue committee.

the sacred rights of kings, and the influence of the clergy undo us. Have we not all our senses as well as our Senators and Bishops? Have we not as good sound judgments as our preachers and our rulers? Is not the book of knowledge open to all of us who can read? And why should not you and I, Gentlemen! (he seemed much wedded to this term) interpret our laws, both civil and divine, just as correctly as a Chancellor or an Archbishop? (Loud applause.) Fair play's a jewel. (Bravo, from the Rat-catcher.) Is a padlock to be set on our minds, and a muzzle to be clapped upon our mouths? (No, no, from all sides.) Then are we not all fit to represent our fellow-citizens, without being noblemen or clergy?" (Loud cheering.)

"A apprehend," quoth a Scotch farmer, who was settled amongst them, "that we're no juste (a very elongated word) sae fit to legislate as some of they folk which the honourable member wha spak last im-a-gines. D'ye think, Maister Brickdust, that the Duke's flunkey (footman) there could buld a hoose just as fast and as weel as yoursel?" "No, because I have given all my time to it." "Weel then ye ken sae has the parson geen a' his time to the gospel; and the mi-ni-ster to studying the constitution. An' a apprehend that some of us wad mak as awkward a fig-

ure in the puwpit or in the Hoose o' Commons, as a bull wud at a concert, or a bear in a ball-room." (Roars of laughter mixed with hisses.) Our Northern Orator proceeded; but under such unfavourable circumstances, that he could not be heard.

I now left the assembly deeply impressed with the truth of the Scotsman's argument, and regretting much that the tide was so high against him. I inquired into his character; and I found that he had made money, and had purchased a freehold; that although he was not considered as a public speaker, his opinion was often taken in matters of business. Most of the assembly had little to lose; but Sandy used to say, that he "did nae ken hoo far a reform might gang, and whether it might nae reform the little fortin which he had been scraping together with so much industry for so long a space of time."

I forgot to mention that the assembly was held at the society called the Friends of the Constitution; Freedom of Debate was written over the door; and the first regulation in writing was, "Every gentleman to pay three-pence for his admission card, a charge of tobacco, and a pipe!" This was my first and last visit to any society of the kind. It had its novelty; but it had no other attraction, except Sandy's lesson, for

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

From the European Magazine.

## ON THE CUSTOM OF STIFLING CHILDREN

TO PREVENT THEIR TAKING COLD.

Mr. Editor,

OF all the varieties of violent death to which the condition of the universe exposes us, or which the ingenious malice of mankind has invented, there is none from which the imagination recoils with such extreme horror, as from that of gradual suffocation. The heaviest inflictions of bodily pain, "Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel," shrink from the comparison. Weighed in the scale with the terrible *burying alive* of the Roman vestal that had been found guilty of in-

continence, what are they but comparatively puny sufferings; the vengeance of mere Tyros in the art of cruelty?—In pain the mind is passive, or soon sinks under it if excessive; but in slow suffocation there is the dreadful struggle of the will, the incessant unavailing effort; the more incessant and violent the more it is felt to be unavailing.

Without having recourse to the experience of those who have been recovered from drowning, or other modes of strangulation, by a summary process, I believe no one that has dabbled much



in the water in his school-days, as most of us, I suppose, have done, will ever forget the horror of that initiatory ceremony, or ordeal, which is usually performed upon the tender novice the first time of his bathing, which is termed *ducking*. The appellation is ludicrous, and the sports of children may seem to have no very terrible tendency ; but the poor imp who has been *ducked* in early life, *i. e.* held with his head downward by violence in the water, till the strength or patience of his companions was exhausted, will have a tolerable notion through life of the comforts of gradual strangulation.

Whether or not my own recollections are more vivid on that subject, or that I have *constitutionally* a greater repugnance to that mode of dying than my neighbours, I am often shocked at a custom which many good kind of people practise, and see practised every day, with approbation : I mean, the custom of *stifling infants*—not between two feather-beds professedly, but, what is almost as bad ; between the bed or cradle clothes, out of pure love and kindness. In most families, when an infant is put to sleep, the air is excluded with as much care as if it were some element to which the new-born man was not “ native and endued,” as Shakespeare phrases it. His little face is muffled up with the rest of his small person. He is laid on his back in the midst of the feathers, which, rising up, are as a wall to him on this side and on that. The clothes naturally very soon rest upon his mouth. The very action of sucking, which, as symbolical to him of the first and closest instinct of life, he applies to every substance with which his young experience comes in contact, attracts the sheet further within his lips, and from a pledge of life and nutriment becomes a mode of death. In this imbecile state, without the power or sense to extricate himself, behold him laid, craving in vain for that nourishment of free respiration, which is no less necessary for his well-being than the friendly juices with which nature has supplied the kindly maternal fountains for his sustenance.

We find every animal, even a sparrow, destroys the air it breathes in a surprisingly short time. No need to exhaust it by an air-pump ; only prevent access of fresh air, and the experiment will be complete. A frog will hop about very gaily without his heart, if it be your fancy to deprive him of it ; but deny him the fresh air, and he pushes off directly for the banks of the river Styx, there to croak his displeasure against the unkind usage of man.

Why is this all-vivifying principle considered as a viand too luxurious for the infant, which nature bestows a free boon upon frogs and sparrows ?

When the man-child grows a little more acquainted with his own strength, he drives off the clothes, to the great annoyance of the good woman that tends him, who carefully replaces them, and pathetically bemoans the disuse of the good old custom of *swaddling* ; by the help of which she could have kept down effectually the little struggling saucy probationer for breathing. Peace to the shade of the bizarre Rousseau ! to him the human generation is indebted for its rescue from this diabolical invention ! to him it is owing that the new-born man, by a process of restraint the very reverse of the old Egyptian practice, is not still bound hand and foot, a preposterous living mummy !

As strange it is that good womanhood should still, in spite of the advancement of science, in these knowing days, retain a custom even more intolerable. Many a person at this day, I have no doubt, owes an ill state of health to this absurd system of excluding the air in infancy, in the same manner as those who survived their cruel treatment in the black hole of Calcutta were visited by periodical swelled legs and other miserable symptoms all their life after. In their cases, the connection between the disease and the cause was easily traced. Poor children cannot tell the secrets of their prison-house.

A warm, comfortable cloak, as it is called, may be as fatal to them as the dungeon of Calcutta. A case of that kind was reported about three years ago in the public prints. A poor woman

had wrapt up her infant so close under a thick cloak, during a long walk thro' the snow, that, when she uncovered it, the life was quite gone from the poor baby. Unquestionably, the child had cried as long as he was able, and was only covered up the closer; at last, the mistaken good woman was pleased to find her brat composed to rest.

Here was an infant fairly killed with kindness; and much I fear that this has by no means been a solitary instance. But it is not always easy to get at the causes of an infant's death. There is a solution always at hand. It is but saying, *the child died of convulsions*; and thus, substituting the *symptoms* of a malady for the *efficient cause* of the malady itself, many a mistakingly tender mother shelters her own ignorance or improvidence under a general term, and silences self-reproach with the commonplace observation of, *how great a proportion of children born every year die under one or two years of age*. Poor candidates for a little frail breath! And well they may be thus styled, when this chief nourisher in life's feast is debarred them. We deny them the common air, as if there were any other medium of existence for us besides the breath of life, which the Almighty put into man's nostrils.

I once saw a noble steed thrown into a state of furious agitation by having drawn up into his nostrils the bag out of which he was eating his corn. His master, who was at some distance, ran to relieve him; and I never shall forget the neighings with which the grateful animal spoke forth his sense of the benefit as he snapped up the returning ether with wild ecstasy. As this bag to the horse, so is the sheet to the poor baby, which falling on his mouth, and sucked up by his breath, must operate as a valve to exclude every breath of wholesome air from mouth or nostril; besides the feverous irritation, the fretting, galling, impotent restlessness, it must produce in that helpless, senseless condition of exposure.

The mariner parching under a long calm in the tropics is but a faint image of this privation. Imagine the seaman's

short allowance of water dealt out to him. All his inward parts are fire. He snatches the delicious relief his heart is sick for, he cannot drink fast enough, he would swallow it entire, not by successive drops. What stops him so suddenly? an ocean of fresh water would scarcely allay the man's thirst. His malady unabated, does he begin to loathe the unpalatable medicine? the water is tepid, foul, and peopled with corruption's unsightly brood, a thousand unclassified forms skimming about with uncouth and repelling motion. Well might we, that have access to the pure stream, imagine him overpowered with disgust. No such thing. It is provident and fearful husbandry which forbids the lengthened draught. Necessity, with giant arm, arrests him in his miserable indulgence. *Cruel indeed would be the enemy that would bar the approach of such a man to the stream that was running to waste.*

And cruel, in effect at least, if not in intention, the mother who shuts out from her infant the inexhaustible stores of heaven. Can any one doubt, that to the poor gasping babe a draught of fresh air would be reviving as the fresh stream to the mariner, or the waters of his native spring at Bethlehem to the war-heated David when he longed for them in the cave of Adullam?

I have read of a tribe of savages who were accustomed to bury their parents alive, when, through age and weakness, they became unable to add any thing to the common stock. The image is revolting enough to humanity. Nevertheless, if my spirit were about to enter the body of a babe, and had her choice where this little helpless mass should first breathe the vital air, I do not know but it would be a preferable choice to take her chance of *mature sepulture* with the savages, rather than, in some more favoured land, to undergo the process of *imperfect strangulation* for some hours of every day during the first year or two of her fleshly investiture.

We can all remember when the treatment of patients infected with the small pox had for its basis this same air-denying ordinance. The practice of one or



two enlightened physicians overcame this prejudice without much resistance. It were to be wished that some of the humane and liberal among the profession would interest themselves in a case not strictly professional, and interfere to remove that *Pneumatophobia*, or horror

of air, in mothers and nurses, which has so long operated to the exclusion of poor babies from that common and universal right, that ancient and imprescriptible inheritance, that unalienable claim of all the sons of Adam, the privilege of breathing.

## INACCURACIES OF POETS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

**T**O determine the specific characters and local manners of animals is not the task either of the poet or the novelist; yet no doubt the pleasure derived from works of imagination may be much lessened in the minds of many by means of incongruous associations.

Thus, in the *Lady of the Lake*, the solitude and desolation of an ancient field of battle is described as follows:

"The knot-grass fettered there the hand,  
Which once could burst an iron band;  
Beneath the broad and ample bone  
That bucklered heart to fear unknown,  
A feeble and a timorous guest,  
The field-fare framed her lowly nest."

Now it is well known to every school-boy, that the field-fare only visits this country during the winter season, that it has never been known to breed in the island, and consequently is never associated with the idea of a nest, or "the leafy month of June."

The author of *Mandeville* has committed a somewhat similar mistake in regard to another of the feathered tribe.

"It was a small part of the edifice only that was inhabited in my time. Several magnificent galleries, and a number of spacious apartments, were wholly neglected, and suffered to remain in a woful state of dilapidation. Indeed it was one wing only that was now tenanted, and that imperfectly; the centre and the other wing had long been resigned to the owls and the bitterns."

The last-mentioned bird is one which, more than most others, avoids the dwellings of the human race, and

usually chooses, for the purposes of nidification, some lonely spot in the vicinity of fens or marshes.

In the works of Gesner there is an engraving of a whale, in which the lines are so strongly marked, and disposed in such a manner, that the animal appears as if covered with large scales. There is also a vessel near it, with an inscription, expressing that the whale is often mistaken for an island, and that seamen frequently incur great danger by attempting to cast anchor by its side. Shaw is of opinion that Milton was conversant with the writings of Gesner, whose work was then the great depositary of natural knowledge, and that this plate suggested to him the expression of "scaly rind" in the following sublime passage, which has been censured by some hypercritics.

"That sea beast  
Leviathan, which God, of all his works,  
Created hugest that swim the ocean stream.  
Him haply slumbering on the Norway foam,  
The pilot of some small night-foundered skiff,  
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,  
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind  
Moors by his side under the lee, while night  
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays."

The term is no doubt inaccurate when applied to the whale tribe, to which the Leviathan of the Scriptures is generally referred. Some authors have been of opinion that the crocodile is mentioned under that name, and in a paper in one of your late *Numbers*, the great sea-snake is considered as the animal probably alluded to.

The butterfly has always been considered as an emblem of immortality. Deriving its existence from a comparatively shapeless body, in which, had it long been confined in a state of appar-

ent torpor and death, and suddenly winging its flight through the air, adorned with life and beauty, its relation to the chrysalis or nymph, has been deemed analagous to that between the soul and the body of man. The order of things has, however, been completely reversed in the mind of a modern poet, as evinced in the following passage ;

" Thus the gay moth by sun and vernal gales  
Call'd forth to wander o'er the dewy vales,  
From flower to flower, from sweet to sweet will stray,  
Till, tir'd and satiate with her food and play,  
Deep in the shades she builds her peaceful nest,  
In lov'd seclusion pleas'd at length to rest :  
There folds the wings that erst so widely bore ;  
Becomes a household nymph, and seeks to range no  
more."

From which it would appear that the chrysalis is derived from the moth, and not the moth from the chrysalis.

I conceive Southey to be the most correct, as well as the most skilful of all the living poets, in adapting the facts of Natural History to the uses of Poetry. According, however, to those skilful and intelligent entomologists, Messrs. Kirby and Spence, in some of the most picturesque descriptions in Madoc, he confounds the firefly of St. Domingo (*Elater noctilucus*) with a quite different insect, the lantern-fly (*Fulgora later-naria*) of Madam Merian.

" She beckoned, and descended, and drew out  
From underneath her vest, a cage, or net  
It rather might be called, so fine the twigs  
Which knit it, where, confined, two fire-flies gave  
Their lustre. By that light did Madoc first  
Behold the features of his lovely guide."

The same insect is again alluded to in the following beautiful passage :

" Sorrowing we beheld  
The night come on ; but soon did night display  
More wonders than it veiled ; innumerable tribes  
From the wood-cover swarmed, and darkness made  
Their beauties visible ; one while they streamed  
A bright blue radiance upon flowers that closed  
Their gorgeous colours from the eye of day ;  
Now motionless and dark, eluded search  
Self-shrouded ; and anon, starring the sky,  
Rose like a shower of fire."

From the days of Solomon until the middle of last century, it was generally affirmed, that the ant " prepared her bread in the summer, and gathered her food in the harvest." Whatever may be the case in regard to the species of

more southern climes, it appears to have been very generally admitted by every naturalist, from Gould to Huber and Latreille, that the European species of ants are torpid during winter, and consequently do not require a supply of food. The pupa, or intermediate state of these insects, bears a considerable resemblance to a grain of corn, and, as the future population of the colony depends in a great measure upon the welfare of such as exist in that state, they are particularly careful in removing them from danger, and in exposing them occasionally to such a degree of heat as may tend to hasten their extrusion. It is probable that these circumstances alone have occasioned the general idea of their provident habits ; so that the many poetical descriptions and sage reflections which have arisen from the impression of their being

" Studious, ere stormy winter frowns, to lay  
Safe in their cells the treasured prey,"

have originated in misconception.

Every one must have observed, in the stillness of a fine summer evening, the choral dances of water-flies, for the most part above the stream which gave them birth. What a beautiful picture has been drawn by Wordsworth of that simple image.

" Nor wanting here to entertain the thought,  
Creatures that in communities exist,  
Less, as might seem, for general guardianship,  
Or thro' dependance upon mutual aid,  
Than by participation of delight,  
And a strict love of fellowship combined.  
What other spirit can it be that prompts  
The gilded summer flies to mix and weave  
There sports together in the solar beam,  
Or in the gloom of twilight hum their joy ?"

Dr. Darwin, notwithstanding the frequency of his learned references, has been guilty of many inaccuracies in his poetry. Of these, the following may be taken as an instance :

" So sleeps in silence the curculio, shut  
In the dark chamber of the cavern'd nut ;  
Erodes with ivory beak the vaulted shell,  
And quits on filmy wings its narrow cell."

Now, although the larva of the curculio " dwells in the hollow nut," the perfect insect is never found there, but



undergoes its final transformation under ground.

The preceding are a few of the many examples which might be adduced of

the general negligence of poets, in regard to a subject which, if properly attended to, might be rendered one of the most beautiful auxiliaries of their art.

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From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

## REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF SECOND SIGHT.

The following interesting little Narrative was communicated to us by a gentleman (to whom we are under various obligations), who says, in his private letter, "Were I permitted to bring it forward, supported by all the evidences who could speak to its truth, it could be established as the best authenticated of any of those instances which have been given of the 'seer's prophetic sight.' But delicacy forbids me to corroborate its truth by names, many connexions of the personages to whom the story relates being yet alive, who must still cherish a painful recollection of the fatal catastrophe."—*Ed.*

**I**T is now, I believe, about eighty years ago, since a festive party of ladies were assembled in the great hall of the baronial castle of —, which is grandly situated in an unfrequented part of the country, in the northern extremity of the kingdom. It had then been for some time the scene of Highland hospitality and joy; for Sir Charles and Lady D—, two young lovers lately made happy in the possession of each other, had come from the neighbourhood of the Scottish border, to spend some delightful weeks as the guests of Lord R—, the brother, or uncle of the lady, for I forget in which of these degrees of relationship that nobleman stood towards her. The evening had closed, and the shrill sound of the bagpipe had already died away around the outer walls of the castle, having told to the clansmen that the feast was begun. Mirth held his jocund reign, and joyous smiles played on every youthful countenance that brightened the circle of the huge oaken table; whilst the heaped-up faggots crackled in the ample grate, shooting a cheerful glare amidst the groupe. Care and anxiety were alike banished, excepting from the thoughts of the lovely Lady D—, who, though she could not but participate in the general gladness her presence had created, yet felt even the temporary absence of all she now held

dearest on earth. Sir Charles had accompanied Lord R—, on the preceding day, to visit the distant mansion of a neighbouring chieftain, for the limits of neighbourhood are extended farther in regions where every thing seems to participate in the greatness of the scale on which nature is herself displayed. Although the other females were well aware of the numerous chances which the warmth of Highland kindness afforded to prevent the departure of a guest on the appointed day, yet the restless emotions which Lady D— felt were excited in her own bosom by her husband's absence; she guessed, and guessed rightly, that no temptation, however powerful, could operate to delay his return, when its object was to regain the enjoyment of her society. She therefore continued still to expect him, after every one else had abandoned all expectation of his appearance. She started at every sound, and glanced her fine eyes hastily to the door at every footstep, nor could the assurances of her companions persuade her to dismiss her hopes, or convince her that it was not now at all probable that the gentlemen would arrive that night, late as it then was; but that it was more likely they had been prevailed on to remain, to participate in some hunting expedition, projected for the amusement of the southern stranger.

There sat another personage at that festive board, on whom mirth seemed to have little effect; its beams, which shot in every direction from the eyes of the young and the gay around her, fell on her high and marble features, and raven eye, like those of the sun on the dark cavern of some cheerless and sea-beaten crag, engulfing, rather than reflecting, its light. This was the Lady As-

synt, who, to do honour to Sir Charles and his young bride, had been invited to the castle. But little had she added to the general mirth, for ever since her arrival, she had sat in the midst of hilarity, like the lonely cormorant on its rock, unmoved and regardless of the playful waves that murmured around her. Few attempts were made to bring her into the play of conversation, and even those few were soon silenced by chilling monosyllabic replies, delivered in a lofty and repulsive manner. She had been therefore left undisturbed to the full possession of her own gloomy thoughts. At last her very presence seemed to be almost forgotten, or, if observed at all, she was noticed with no other interest than were the stiff and smoke-discoloured portraits of family ancestry, that stared in sullen and silent majesty from the deep-carved pannels of the ancient apartment where the party was seated.

The good-humoured jest, and the merry tale went round, and the laugh of youthful joy was at its highest—when a piercing shriek produced a sudden and death-like silence, and directed every head towards the Lady Assynt, who seemed for a moment to be violently convulsed. The effect of such an unlooked-for interruption to the general gaiety may be easily conceived. The ladies arose in confusion; every assistance was proffered; and numerous inquiries were made. But seeming to endeavour by a desperate effort, to summon up resolution to overcome the sudden nervous malady which apparently affected her, she put back both the kind and the curious with a wave of her hand, and haughtily resumed her usual dignified and freezing deportment, without deigning to give any explanation.

It was some time before the company was restored to its composure, and hilarity had hardly begun again to enliven it, when a louder and yet more unearthly shriek again roused their alarm, and raised them from their seats in the utmost consternation. The Lady Assynt now presented a spectacle that chilled every one. The same convulsion seemed to have recurred with redoubled violence. She started up in

its paroxysm; and her uncommonly tall figure was raised to its full height, and set rigidly against the high back of the gothic chair in which she had been seated, as if from anxiety to retreat as far as its confined space would allow, from some horrible spectacle that appalled her. Her arms were thrown up in a line with her person; each particular bony finger was widely separated from its fellow; and her stretched eyeballs were fixed in glassy and motionless unconsciousness. She seemed for a time to lose all sense of existence, and, though in an upright posture, to have been suddenly struck into a stiffened corse. By degrees she began to writhe, as if enduring extreme agony; her livid lips moved rapidly, without the utterance of sound; until finally overcome by her sufferings, she sank within the depth of the antique chair, and remained for some minutes in a languid and abstracted reverie. The mingled anxiety and curiosity of the company was unbounded; numerous and loud were the inquiries; and of the inquirers, Lady D——, who seemed instinctively to apprehend something dreadful connected with her own fate, was the most earnestly solicitous of all. The Lady Assynt heeded not the swarm of interrogatories which buzzed around her. She looked at first as if she heard them not; then raising herself solemnly, and somewhat austere, from the reclining position into which she had dropped, she spread her hands before her, and sweeping them slowly backwards to right and left, she divided the ring of females who surrounded her, and brought Lady D—— full within the range of her vision. At first she started involuntarily at sight of her; but melancholy and pity mingling themselves amidst the sternness of features to which such tender emotions seemed to have been long strangers, in a deep and articulate voice, and with a solemn and sibylline air, she slowly addressed Lady D——, whilst profound silence sat upon every other lip. “Let the voice of gladness yield to that of mourning! Cruel is the blow that hangs over thee, poor innocent dove! and sad is it for me to tell thee what



thou art but too anxious to know. A vision crossed my sight, and I saw a little boat, in which were thy lord and Lord R——: it was tossed by a sudden and tempestuous gust that swept the dark surface of the loch in a whitening line. I saw the waves dashing over the frail bark; and sorely did the two Highlanders who rowed them contend with their oars against the outrageous whirlwind. I hoped, yet shuddered, from fear of the event.—Again the spirit of vision opened my unwilling eyes, and compelled me to behold that last wave, which whelmed them beneath the burst of its tremendous swell. The land was near. Stoutly the drowning wretches struggled with their fate. I saw Lord R—— and his sturdy servants, one by one reach the shore; but——” “My husband!” shrieked Lady D—— in anguish, as she grasped the arm of the seer, “Oh! tell me that my husband was saved!”—“His body”—replied the Lady Assynt, in a lower and more melancholy voice—“His body was driven by the merciless waves upon the yellow beach: the moonbeam fell upon his face, but the spark of life was quenched.” Lady D——’s death-like grasp was relaxed, and she swooned away in the arms of those who surrounded her. The Lady Assynt regarded her not: somewhat of her former convulsion again came upon her; and starting up in a frenzied manner, she exclaimed in a piercing voice, scarcely distinguishable from a scream, “And now they bear him hither!—See how pale and cold he looks—how his long hair drips—how ghastly are his unclosed eyes—how blanched those lips where lately sat the warm smile of love!” Then sinking again, after a short interval, she continued in a more subdued tone, “He is gone for ever! No more shall he revisit his own fair halls and fertile fields. Yet is not all hope lost with him; for his son shall live after him, and bring back anew the image of his father.”

The ladies were now busied about Lady D——, who lay in a deep faint. All seemed to be as much interested in her, as if the events described in the

waking visions of the Lady Assynt had already actually happened. Yet every one affected to treat her words as the idle dreams of a distempered brain; although, in the very looks of the different speakers, there was a fear betrayed, that ill accorded with their words, manifesting the general apprehension that something tragical was to be dreaded. At last a confused noise seemed to arise from the under apartments of the castle; mutterings, and broken sentences, and half-suppressed exclamations, were heard on the great stairs and in the passages. The name of Sir Charles was frequently repeated by different voices. The more anxious of the party tried to gain information by running to the windows. The flaring lights of torches were seen to hurry across the court-yard, where all seemed to be bustle and dismay. And then it was that the doleful sound of the bagpipe, playing a sad and wailing lament, came upon the ear from without the castle-gate. A slow, heavy, and measured tramp of many feet upon the drawbridge, told that a party of men were bearing some heavy weight across it. Unable longer to submit to the suspense in which they were held, the greater part of the females now rushed from the hall. A cry of horror was heard; and the mysterious anticipations of the gifted Lady Assynt were found to be, in truth, too dreadfully realized.

Lord R——, in the deepest affliction, told the sad tale, with all its circumstances. Though much pressed to remain, Sir Charles had resisted all the kind importunity of their host. Their homeward way lay across the ferry of——. The sudden squalls affecting such inland arms of the sea are too well known: one of these had assailed them in the middle of the loch, and had been productive of the melancholy catastrophe. Nor was the prophetic conclusion of the seer’s vision left unaccomplished. There was no suspicion of Lady D——’s pregnancy at the time; but such proved to be the case, and, according to the prediction, the child was a son, who lived the sole hope of an old and respectable family. T. L. D.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

## MR. KEAN'S RICHARD THE THIRD.

**T**HERE never was a king who had been driven by the lust of power to commit such unnatural excesses as Richard the Third. In point of barbarity he holds, till this day, an awful and terrific pre-eminence over every ruler who has swayed the sceptre of this country. He was the only one, of all our sovereigns, who could, without fear or compunction, break every tie of affinity and kindred to place himself on a throne; who could force his way through the hearts of his connections to obtain that darling object of his soul—a diadem. Insidious, artful, intriguing, bold, blood-thirsty, and aspiring; as hideous in the composition of his mind as in his bodily form, he seems to have made his appearance in the world, as a frightful and humbling caricature of human nature. And such we find him to be, as well from the plain matter of fact statements of the historians, as from the more vivid delineations of the poet.

To effect a representation, therefore, of a character such as this, where almost every deformity in concentrated, that can debase and blacken the human mind—every sentiment, every feeling, every vile and villanous propensity that lust, cruelty, and ambition could generate; to effect any thing like this, we hold to be not only beyond the reach of ordinary, or of good capacities, but to be one of the greatest darings of histrionic enterprise.

It is not every actor, even of the first rate, who has acquired the art of *identifying* himself with his original, though he personifies an easy every day character. But when there is a being to represent, who has nothing in his moral frame to connect him with humanity, the actor who can exhibit a perfect living likeness of him, possesses such a coincidence of feeling with the poet; and such a thorough acquaintance with every fierce sentiment and movement of the human heart, as to render him almost as remarkable as the person he represents.

The greatness and the success of Garrick, in this character, we know only by report. We have seen Cooke as Richard, and we thought him the most perfect one of his time; yet, with all his acknowledged genius, we never saw him divest himself wholly of the actor. The part of Richard was his favourite, and his masterpiece; yet he never, for a moment, imposed, even on his greatest admirers, a belief that he was any other than Cooke. And respecting Kemble, in those very parts where his great powers were evidently collected to produce a deep effect, all the compliment we could ever pay him was, "what a noble specimen of acting is Kemble's Richard."

Now we come to one of the greatest points on which Mr. Kean rests his high superiority over every other performer in this character; we mean that imposing air of reality which he throws over every look, and every attitude he assumes. His fiercest frowns, and most fearful emotions, are never out of

nature; but precisely such as we can suppose to have been peculiar to his terrible original. He scarcely repeats one half of the soliloquy which constitutes the second scene, where Richard unfolds his own character, than our mental exclamation is, "What a monster is Richard." This deception we believe to be invariable and universal; and it is without question the most decisive proof of masterly acting that can be required. So faithfully does he follow nature that every thought of KEAN vanishes away; and we see before us the barbarous and unrelenting Richard descanting on his own deformities, and exulting in his stratagems of usurpation, perfidy, and bloodshed.

This perfection in Mr. Kean's acting we take to be, not the result of study (for Mr. K. never studies) but the suggestions of his own genius—an intuitive knowledge of the heart, which nature may confer, once in an age, on some favoured performer, but which is not to be acquired by the closest application. We cannot agree with the common opinion, that Mr. K. does actually suppose himself to be the very character he represents. It is not credible of any player, however warmly he may enter into the spirit of his part, or into the feelings of the poet, that his imagination can supersede the exercise of his judgment, or belie the evidence of his senses. Though a great actor may mislead, by the force of his art, the understanding of his audience, it does not follow that he can practice a similar deception on himself. It is not possible for him to be, at one and the same time, the deceiver and the deceived.

We can never forget his fiend-like expression of gladness, cruelty, and furious resolve, when first we heard him repeat the last lines of the soliloquy in Act I. Scene 2.

Why then to me this restless world's but hell,  
Till this misshapen trunk's aspiring head  
Be circled in a glorious diadem.—  
But then 'tis fix'd on such a height, &c.

At the conclusion of the second act, the tyrant, after murdering Henry, and uttering a few unnatural sarcasms on the occasion, turns upon the corse and stabs it, saying, "Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither." We remember that Cooke and Kemble invariably rendered this passage, "Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither." But Kean, with much greater felicity of conception, and in a manner much more illustrative of the usurper's character, lays the emphasis with a loud enervate cry on the word *hell*; and suddenly lowering his voice, he repeats the rest of the line with a rapid and careless utterance, just as if Richard had regarded the stabbing of a benefactor, and sending him to hell, as a matter of perfect indifference. We may remark, by the way, that the sudden changes of voice just alluded to, have generally the desired effect; and indeed, when they are introduced with skill, the sensations they



create are most wonderful. However, in this instance, we have seen Mr. Kean fall far short of our expectations. He is so fond of an innovation, which is exclusively and confessedly his own, that he brings it forward too often, and too indiscriminately; so much so, that the very peculiarity which, in some parts, we regard as a perfection, becomes, in others, mere tiresome monotony.

Richard, so long as success goes with him, and no reverse nor threatening of fortune gives occasion to the operations of conscience, triumphs in his own aggrandizement, and in the success of those precautionary measures by which he thought himself out of the reach of harm or molestation. And here we think that Kean presents a highly-finished portrait of the exulting tyrant. The most stupid observer is struck with the terrific joy that all at once kindles his scowling features—

Act IV. Scene 4.—“I have it—I’ll have them sure—  
get me a coffin

Full of holes—and let them both be cramm’d into  
it,” &c.

When he suddenly conceives a plan of disposing of the bodies of the murdered young princes, we can compare it to nothing but what we may imagine to be the horrid gladness of an evil spirit on his first clutching a condemned soul into his possession.

But when the business of the scene increases, when apprehensions begin to multiply, and conscience to operate, Kean is the veriest Richard we can well conceive. In the awful tent scene (where every performer tries to be great) he exhibits to us a soul tor-

mented by the passions of a demon so effectually, as to distance every contemporary actor. He starts from his dream of horror, with the exclamation of a mind in agony, and pushes his sword against the flitting images of his disordered brain, with a countenance so expressive of terror, despair, and conscious guilt, as to overpower the most inert imagination.

The combat with Richmond, which finishes the tyrant’s career, terminates by far too easily and too soon. It is not consistent with the usurper’s character of fierceness and bravery, to resign his life and his idol—the crown, without a lengthened and inveterate struggle; and this is an oversight which we do not think is by any means compensated by the highly wrought scene of his death, appalling and frightful as it is.

Mr. Kean, however, has developed many striking beauties in this play, which the genius of Garrick, Cooke, and Kemble had slighted; in passages, too, the beauties of which the most attentive readers and discerning critics have hitherto overlooked.

Much has been said respecting Mr. K.’s person, voice, and pronunciation. Certainly we once could have wished that they had been more perfect than they are; but we are not now disposed to quarrel with them; because we are convinced of a circumstance, concerning which we had formerly been extremely sceptical, namely, that a young man without the advantages of a good voice, of a good figure, or of a graceful utterance, can, by the mere strength of his own conceptions of character, become the best performer on the British stage. R. A. A.

## INFLUENCE OF THE LOVE OF FAME ON GENIUS.

From Blackwood’s Edinburgh Magazine.

ONE of the most philosophic writers of antiquity, the poet Virgil, has made the love of men’s applause a part of the highest virtue acknowledged among his countrymen—representing the two passions, the love of country and the thirst of renown, as united even in the awful character of the first Brutus, and co-operating as the motives of his great and unhappy sacrifice.

—“Uteunque ferent ea facta minores,  
Vincet amor patriæ laudumque immensa cupido.”

To our conceptions, certainly there is something repugnant in the idea of making the passion for men’s praise a motive of that action, or a principle of that character. We can bear, we can revere the virtue for which we have no sympathy, and justify the father who gave up his children to his country; but we should turn from him with loathing

if he could immolate them to his own renown.

The nature of the sacrifice appears sufficiently to condemn this passage, as assigning such a motive for such an action. But, taking it more largely, as a sort of general conception of the character of Roman patriotism, from their philosophic poet, it would yield matter of more doubtful and curious inquiry. I have no intention of pursuing the inquiry. What interested me at the moment in the passage, and induced me to cite it, was the singular discrepancy it suggests between *our* conception of the character of Brutus, and that of the Roman poet—implying, as it would seem to me, a purer imagination of heroic virtue received among us than has found its place even in the loftiest strains of Roman poetry.

I say a purer imagination of heroic

virtue. We require, in our idea of virtue of any kind, more singleness of affection, as well as more exaltation. We imagine that there existed in the mind of the highest Romans, an image of their country as of a being—a power—a Rome deified in deep passion, and which in deep passion they worshipped. We conceive of their patriotism not as a love merely, but as an obedience of duty to highest law, and as such it appears to us a virtue. I am not now speaking of our historical intelligence of their patriotism, but of its aspect to our imagination. That idea, beautiful, august, and stern, seems altered in its purity the moment there is seen to mingle in it the desire of human applause.

It is not that we slight the passion for praise—the desire to live in the voice of men. We acknowledge the love of glory as a passion of high and generous natures. We do not separate it at all from our general conception of the Roman character; only, we exclude it from the purest character and the highest acts of their virtue.

Something analagous to this will be found in our conception of the same passion, as part of the character of genius.

In our reverent admiration of genius, the love of fame finds no place. We conceive of exalted minds, dwelling as spirits among men, exempt from their infirmities, though possessing and rejoicing in their nature. From the intermingled weaknesses, the mournful oppressions, the enthralling passions of our nature, they seem to us gloriously free. Free in the purity, the power, and the bliss of their ethereal being, they seem to us to walk in the midst of men as visitants, yet to have their place among them as brothers. I am now speaking of our imagination of genius—not of our knowledge or philosophic belief, but of that momentary ideal belief which is impressed upon our minds during the contemplation of its perfect works. Then, while we are held in wonder and strong delight, by the power present upon the soul, and by the sense of its great creations, what is our thought of the mind which gave those

creations birth? Perhaps there is some illusion in our thoughts; but, if so, rather in what they exclude than in what they shew. They discover to us the human soul in exaltation of pure delight—genius in the height of its power—only they do not discover to us the whole human being, the man in whom that state of power, that “access of mind,” must of necessity pass away. We believe, then, that at times a nature is given to genius higher than our own, in its majesty of undishonoured power, in its immunity from our weaknesses—and we may take this feeling as our guide, at least to know what the temper of the mind may be for the hour while its own genius fills it.

Trusting to this feeling, it may be safely said, that we have no conception during our admiration of genius in its highest acts of power, that it acts under the desire of fame. It seems to act in the delight and glory of its own conceptions. If the man himself, with his whole life, can seem to us, when under the impressions of that transport, to be exempted and lifted up from his human passions,—far more must the soul in its acts of power, and rejoicing in its ideal worlds, be freed from them. For a time, at least, the earth is forsaken, and this terrestrial life. For a time the spirit feels its wings, mounts in its own region, shapes its path in light, and looks solely on the forms that are kindred to its own essence. How can we imagine that mind, in the very act of conceiving and embodying those creations which lift us up out of our ordinary life, which really awaken in our souls the sense of their highest powers, constrain us from the habitual temper of our minds, and force upon us a momentary consciousness of exaltation and purity in ourselves—how can we imagine that such a mind should yet be occupied at the very time by the working of the passions from which it delivers us? Conceiving in their entire beauty, and moulding into material elements those wondrous creations, can we believe that in that act it has sense for other thoughts and other feelings? Can we believe, that Homer, Phidias, Mi-



chael Angelo, Shakspeare, Milton, while contemplating within their own souls or in dawning existence, in marble under their hands, or in words flowing in inspiration through their lips, those forms of being and embodyings of power which have held nations in wonder, and impressed a permanent spirit on the minds of the people to whom they were given,—can we believe that those mighty spirits were themselves possessed with emotion, not from the grandeur of their ideal creations, but from the passions of their human life?

The poet and the mighty sculptor return from their ideal world into their human life. They are men once more, and they resume the feelings and the frailties of men. In their human life, and not in their ideal world, they find again their love of fame, their wishes, and their hopes of immortal praise.

Is this frailty, or is it lofty passion? It is human passion at least—a passion of that life which binds them to their race, not of that which lifts them above it. There is a sphere to their souls in which their highest powers move, and in which this desire has no power to act. But they descend into the life of men, and feel again the sun that shines on that life. No human soul is at all times superior to the sad realities and necessities of our mortal existence. Milton was not always rapt in the highest heavens. Pure as he was, his life bears many an earthly stain.

What then may be the nature of this gratification of renown, this love of glory, to these great minds? It is the acknowledgment of their power. They could not chuse, they could not endure to close up that power within themselves. They must pour it forth upon the world. It is not enough to them to have felt and known; but that which they have felt and known they will bring into being. They will do so, not for themselves, and that it may endure for themselves; but that it may be an enduring power among the spirits of other men and other generations. They passionately desire that their thoughts may not pass away from the earth, but that they may live as

powerful, as full of life, as glowing as in the first conception, during endless ages. They passionately desire that the joy, the greatness, the dilatation of thought, the truths which have been imparted to them, may have a permanent dwelling on the earth, through them and by their act. It is fit that they who felt should perpetuate—that they to whom it was given should bestow—and that they should feel that what they have received they have not suffered to perish. From the depths of being which were discovered to them, they have brought forth, by their own act and power, wealth to their whole kind. They feel, that the powers by which they were honoured among their people—among their race—and by which they were made accountable to men for its use, have not been wasted in their possession, but that they have done work answerable to those powers. This assurance, that what they have felt and known they have given to be felt and known for ever, they receive from their fame.

Such, it is conceived, is the nature of the love of fame felt by men of genius. It is a noble feeling, but having intensity of self. The emotion of genius, during production, is or ought to be purely impersonal. It is in the intense feeling of his individual life, and of his relations to men, that a man of genius feels his power, after that power has been gloriously exercised. Whereas he felt it, during his inspiration, in the might of absolute life, and a life without any distinct relations.

But their fame—the light of their glory is something more to such minds than an acknowledgment of their powers. It is something more tender, more endearing. It is felt by them as in part of their sympathy with their kind. By this they feel, think, act, not in individual exertion, but as participators in universal existence. I do not now speak of their power to bow down the spirits of others before their own—to make their minds a law to the minds of men to come—but of the feeling they have of a community

with all spirits—of their consciousness of living with men by one common law. These acts of power by which they manifest the common nature of men, prepare for them a deep-felt consciousness of their own kindred with the race of beings with whom they share this nature. Thus, then, is a deep and mighty sympathy engendered to the poet with his species, by his acts as a poet. And his fame is dear to him, as an acknowledgment on their part, an answer to this sympathy, as ratifying a commutual bond, or covenant of human faith and feeling, between them.

Thus it appears difficult to conceive that a mind of great genius should be indifferent to fame; and that there are powerful and honourable causes for a deep impassioned interest in fame. The love of fame beyond the tomb can seem absurd only to those who know not what constitutes the mystery of life.

It must be apparent, however, that there is great danger of this principle becoming exceedingly injurious in minds which have genius, but have not, altogether, the very highest constitution of passions and powers. Minds of the very first order are calm in their thoughts of glory. They feel a secret possession, enthroned in the hearts of men. But, if the desire be greater than the power,—if distempered sensibilities,—or if those more ignoble motives to the desire of fame, which it is needless to speak of, rising into strength, pervert the nature of the passion, then, not only may great misery be cast upon life, instead of a light of happiness, but the faculty of genius itself will be disturbed in its most proper acts. Then will the love of fame, a restless uneasy feeling, intrude upon and profane the holiest acts of its worship. There is, in that case, no spirit rejoicing to ascend into its native empyreal day, but a man of troubled heart, compelling his genius to work for purposes not its own,—enslaving his noblest powers to the passions of his lower life—and, like the master of a spell, tasking good spirits to work his unworthy will, and minister to his debased desires.

If the love of fame be subsequent and subordinate to might, and arise out of it, then will it necessarily be calm; and being of noble origin, it will maintain its nobility. If the love of fame be paramount, it must be restless and distempered. It is a lower principle that has got, by usurpation, the place of the higher. The love of fame as a law of action—is restless, because it is an undetermined, fluctuating, unselfsufficient law. And genius, subjected to it, not only partakes of its painful and troubled unrest, but has also in that subjection the separate and proper pain and self-disturbance of its own dishonour.

The whole argument is this: virtue and genius are each, to our conception, a pure and entire affection of the soul. To do the acts of either for men's praise destroys their essence. I have been led to illustrate this in one kind of virtue—heroic patriotism—by the accidental recollection of a case in which that particular virtue is falsely described as capable of acting *for* fame. I have allowed, that a patriotism doing acts of splendid power might be blended with the love of glory, and it certainly was so, to a great extent, in the general Roman character. But in their greatest men, those whose patriotism we are required to revere as an awful virtue, the desire of fame, as a part of that patriotism, and a motive of its actions, is not to be conceived of. Each alike is a pure affection of the soul. Patriotism is a love of country deified. Genius, or the essential affection of genius, is a love of beauty and greatness in their perfect idea. But each of them, as being a pure affection or passion, must have within itself its law of action. Hence, to act from the desire of praise is necessarily repugnant to the essence of each, for that is to accept a law of action from the mind of others. In neither, then, can the love of fame be a constituent part of power.

So far genius and virtue are alike. But there is between them an essential difference. Virtue occupies the whole life. The virtuous man can never leave his virtue. All his feel-



ings and passions must conform to its highest law. And, therefore, what is true of him in his highest acts of virtue, is true of him generally and absolutely. But genius comes and goes. It possesses the mind and leaves it. Hence, the life of the man is by no means conformed to the highest law of genius. In his highest acts of power he is lifted out of passion, to which he returns when the act is over. Thus the love of fame may be a strong passion of his life, though it cannot enter into his acts of power. It will be a strong passion of his life, for the same elements of his nature which constitute (in part at least) the power of his genius, demand and produce, as we have seen, the love of fame. They demand it not in the first place—but afterwards—after the genius is formed, and the power exerted. The love of fame, therefore, is a passion of secondary formation—it is the sequel to genius—and woe to him in whom it precedes genius, or bears an undue proportion to its power. The pure idea of good, like a good angel slight-

ed, forsakes him. His sun, light, guardian, guide, is gone. He is a slave driven by blind and erring forces. His human hopes, passions, and fears, come up into his acts of genius, bewildering and defeating them. He is subjected to the race whom he ought in his power to have uplifted. It is possible that, having begun life well and purely, he may come to this, if the sense of fame becoming an anxious, uneasy, fearful, painful passion, or if self-admiration, growing up, a monster, in his heart—oppress, disturb, and overpower genius, and bring up among its creations feelings that once had no place there.

Let me conclude with a suggestion, that in different ages, according to the different manners and characters of society, there will be a tendency to produce a difference upon genius—one age, namely, the simple and powerful favouring the sublime character of the love of fame, and another, namely, the more artificial and complex irritating it into uneasy, anxious, bitter, pernicious action.

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From the Literary Panorama.

## TRAVELS IN THE UNITED STATES.

JOURNAL OF TRAVELS IN THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA, AND IN LOWER CANADA, PERFORMED IN THE YEAR 1817, BY JOHN PALMER.

IT has been the misfortune of the United States of America, to have been *misrepresented* by most of the travellers, by whom they have, of late years, been explored. Disappointed in the schemes which they had in view, these writers have indulged in prejudice and invective against the Americans, and have consequently produced works, that are both exaggerated and incorrect. From this censure we except the valuable travels of Michaux, Lambert, Wansley, Bradbury, and a few others, which are drawn up with candour, and a due regard to truth. But, though these writers have faithfully delineated the United States *as they were* at the time they committed their observations to

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the press, yet so rapid are the changes and improvements, which have taken place throughout the Union, that a fair and impartial account of them is a desideratum in our collections of Voyages and Travels. The public are much obliged to Mr. Palmer for the *useful*, and we add, from our correspondence with America, *authentic* information, which he has presented to them in this unassuming volume.

This work consists of two parts. The first is our author's journal, printed nearly verbatim from the notes made on the spot. The second part contains topographical accounts of Philadelphia, New York, the States of Ohio and Indiana in 1817, and the Missouri Territory in 1817. This second division is chiefly drawn from authentic American documents, which are duly acknowledged by Mr. Palmer.

Our author embarked, with some

friends, on the 28th of March, 1817, on board the *Importer*, Capt. Ogden, bound from Liverpool to New York. Among the numerous passengers who were sailing to America, was the celebrated Mr. Cobbett; who, it appears, was free and communicative to most of them, though during the voyage he was at considerable variance with the worthy captain, originating in a quarrel about the cabin provisions. He would be as often in the steerage as in the cabin, and smoke his pipe and converse on various subjects with considerable good humour. His language, like that of his Registers, is described as being 'plain and nervous;' and 'when warm or on politics, often dashed with the vile habit of swearing.' Mr. Palmer arrived at New York early in May, and proceeded thence to Philadelphia. Having explored the most interesting parts of that beautiful city, he made various excursions to places of note, situated in its neighbourhood. Among these we meet with an account of Bustletown, where he was hospitably received by an English gentleman of the name of Long, who was settled there.

26 May, Monday. In the afternoon we proceeded on foot to visit Mr. Long, a gentleman lately from England, who lives at Bustletown, ten miles to the north of Philadelphia.

The roads all round Philadelphia are laid out wide, with post and rail, no ditches or quick hedges, both of which are uncommon in America. There are many good houses and country seats on both sides of the road. We stayed at Frankfort, a neat village, five miles from Philadelphia. Our supper consisted (and supper and breakfast boasts of a similar mixture of good things in all parts of the Union) of beef steaks, fried bacon, peach preserves, short cakes, bread and butter, &c. with coffee and tea, for which, a bed, and 2 glasses of toddy, we paid seventy-five cents each. Whilst here, we were witness of the republican simplicity, so common in the States; Major-general Isaac Worrell, a soldier of the revolution, living in the vicinity, called at the tavern for a glass, he was accosted by his former title by several farmers and tradesmen, assembled under the tavern portico, and conversed with them quite at his ease. He wears a cocked hat, and was dressed in a coat of the cut of 1776, drives his own waggon, and is quite a Cincinnati.

The universal custom in America is when once a man has been a general, captain, or judge, &c. he is always addressed by his title; the judge, instead of Mr. is sometimes called squire; this, with the title of his ex-

cellency, given to the President, during office, and honourable, &c. applied to certain state officers, is the utmost stretch titles have reached in this country.

Returning to Philadelphia, our author proceeded through Baltimore, and Wilmington to Washington, the metropolis of the United States.

From Washington, Mr. Palmer proceeded by land to Pittsburgh, the capital and emporium of the western country, where he embarked in a Kentucky boat to Cincinnati. The state of the country, prices of farms and provisions, &c. are carefully specified, and much useful commercial and statistical information is communicated. As Cincinnati is the capital of the state of Ohio, (which state 25 years ago contained only a few thousand inhabitants, and is now well settled by a population of half a million of whites), we shall extract a few particulars relative to this city.

Cincinnati, which derives its name from the celebrated Roman Cincinnatus, is situated nearly in the centre of the Western country. Its general appearance is clean and handsome, not to say elegant. Forty years since, it was the resort of Indians, and the surrounding country a wilderness, full of wild beasts and savages. The streets are laid out at right lines, after the manner of Philadelphia. Their general width is sixty-six feet; the principal streets are neatly paved with brick foot-paths, and pumps are placed for general accommodation.

The number of public buildings and dwellings in July, 1815, was 1100, and the population at that time was estimated at 6000; since that time there has been a regular influx of New Englanders, Kentuckians, Virginians, British, French, and Germans. The present number of buildings may be between 13 and 1400, and the number of inhabitants 8000, all whites, the laws of Ohio prohibiting even free negroes, (except in certain cases) from settling in the state. Near 400 of the houses are built of stone or brick, many of them three story high, and in a very neat modern style; the rest of the houses are frame, most of them neatly painted.

Mr. Palmer has given an interesting account of the manufactures of Cincinnati, for which we must refer to his volume. Its commerce is considerable.

The exports of Cincinnati consist of flour, corn, beef, pork, butter, lard, bacon; whis-



key, peach brandy, beer, porter; pot and pearl ashes; cheese, soap, candles; hats, hemp, spun yarn, saddles, rifles, cherry and black ash boards, staves and scantling, cabinet furniture and chairs. East India and European goods are imported from Baltimore and Philadelphia by way of Pittsburgh. Lead is procured from St. Louis. Rum, sugar, molasses, and some dry goods are received from New Orleans; salt from various salt works in the vicinity; coal from Pittsburgh.

The public buildings are of brick, and elegantly constructed. Much attention is paid to education, for which respectable provision is made, partly by the state, and partly by subscription.

The climate is healthy, if we may judge from the appearance of the inhabitants: at this season (July) the mornings and evenings are delightful, mid-day hot, but not too hot to do any out-door work. The American inhabitants say they have more cloudy weather than New England experiences; this may proceed from the rivers, lakes, hills, and uncleared forests, by which they are surrounded. The winters are short and pleasant.

The manners of most of the inhabitants are social and refined, without jealousy of foreigners (which is sometimes the case with the ignorant and interested, in the eastern and middle states) they are pleased to see a respectable European settle amongst them. Many cultivate the fine arts, painting, engraving and music. With few exceptions we found the English language spoken with purity (as indeed it is in most parts of the States, there being no county, and hardly any state dialects.)

Though some of the labourers and mechanics are "great amateurs of whiskey," they are a sober class of people. Our author saw but one single instance of intoxication, while he was here; and that occurred on the fourth of July (the Anniversary of American Independence), which he observes, for an American, amounts almost to excuse. The inhabitants dress much in the English fashion, and occasionally amuse themselves with theatrical performances. Concerning the ability of these, Mr. Palmer does not give an opinion, but they elicit from him an observation which is highly honourable to his head, and to his heart.

Although I am not disposed to censure innocent amusements, yet as plays are conducted (and perhaps, to pay the performers, must be conducted,) I certainly think they do the cause of morality much harm, and ought not to be admitted, especially in a new country like this. The propensity to laughter is often encouraged at the expense

of age and infirmity, the audience are grossly flattered at every convenient opportunity, double entendres of no very chaste conceits are introduced, with stupid and unnatural scenes of love, running away from cruel parents, swearing, &c.; all evidently tending to demoralize.

Quitting Cincinnati, this intelligent traveller made an excursion to Lebanon, and Union in the state of Ohio. This last place is the residence of the sect of *Shakers*, a Society of persons who are characterized by the most singular tenets and practices. Mr. Palmer arrived at Union on a Sunday.

On approaching Union, we were surprised to find these eccentric people possessed of the best farm we had seen in America, with an orchard, a garden, and nursery, all under superior cultivation, and their cows and horses looked remarkably well. The settlement consists of several large frame and log-houses, and one or two smaller, all neatly painted and finished. In front of the meeting-house a number of light waggons and horses were ranged, belonging to persons, who had been drawn together, from the adjoining settlements out of curiosity. The meeting was beginning when we arrived; and having tied our horses to the rails, we followed several of the elders into the house, and although prepared to see something strange, I was struck with astonishment by the scene. On the left hand sat sixty or seventy men, squatting on the floor, with their knees up and their hands clasped round them, their hats were off. Opposite, in exactly the same curious posture, sat as many women; both men and women were dressed very plain, like the stiffest of the Friends. The women looked like dead bodies; and never did I see such a sepulchral appearance as their dress and colourless faces exhibited. They were all dressed alike in drab gowns, white neckerchiefs, and a cap fitting close over their ears, and fastened under the chin, the same sort as are placed on a corpse. Each held a small chequered pocket handkerchief in their hand. After sitting some time, they all arose and sang a pleasing, yet melancholy hymn, expressive of their contempt of death and the world. During singing, the women kept time by elevating themselves on their toes in a ludicrous manner. After the hymn, a leader stepped forward and explained their tenets. He said, his call was from God, many years ago, when he lived at Kentucky; that in consequence, he had given his slaves their liberty, and with some others, came over to the present situation, and established a church; that, their principal tenets were, they considered themselves perfect; that, confession of sins, one to another, was necessary to this state of perfection; that, a true church of Christ ought to have all things in common; and that, none of the church ought to marry, or, if previously married, to have any intercourse, after joining the society, but be literally virgins. To dance and be merry, is a principal part of their creed; see Jeremiah 31st chapter, from whence he deduced

that part of their faith. The discourse being finished, at the close of which he severely reprehended some of the spectators, who were, and had been laughing and talking, I observed an uncommon bustle, and pulling off their coats and waistcoats among the men. When all was prepared, one of the brethren stepped forth in the centre of the room, and gave out, with a Stentorian voice, a quick tune, beating time violently with his foot, and singing the following words *lal lal la, lal lal lal la!* &c. in which he was joined by the whole society, men and women, all jumping as high as they could, clapping their hands; and at certain parts, twirling round to our great amazement. They kept up this violent exercise, about a quarter of an hour, the prime mover still keeping up his *lal lal lal la*. I have no doubt it is this exertion, together with other causes, which makes them, particularly the women, such a death-like assemblage. Absurd it is to call them as is the common appellation, *Shaking Quakers*; the Quakers do not possess one tenet in common with them, except plainness in dress; a more appropriate title would be, bewildered jumpers. There is one or more societies of Shakers in almost every state; the largest, consisting of near seven hundred, is in Mason county, Kentucky. However sensible men must reprehend such a form of worship, it, and all other forms, that do not interfere with civil order, are equally protected by law. I should suppose the good sense of the American people will not admit of any great extension of these societies.

The yellow fever having made its appearance at New Orleans, Mr. Palmer was induced to change his route, and undertake a tour through the States of Kentucky and Virginia. The first town of note visited by him in this journey, was Lexington in Kentucky, which is beautifully situated in the heart of a well cultivated and well peopled country. In 1775 it was only a hunter's camp: in 1790 the population was 1500, and in 1817 it amounted to about 2,000. The trade and manufactures of this place are very considerable: the streets, however, are ill paved, and the police is ill conducted. The state of morals and religion among the middle and lower classes is represented as deplorable, though the manners of the better sort of inhabitants are open and hospitable.

The first colony in Kentucky and Tennessee was planted in 1775. So rapid has been the population since that period, that in 1817 these two states were computed to contain 750,000 whites and 160,000 negro slaves, besides the remains of the original inhabi-

tants,—the once powerful Indians, who are now partly civilized, and about 10,000 in number. The country is fruitful and well watered, and the roads are for the most part indifferent. Our author has given a detailed account of the manners of the Kentuckians, from which we shall extract a few particulars.

As soon as you arrive at a tavern, or house of entertainment, and make known that you wish for breakfast, or dinner, or supper, a number of Negro children, who are always loitering about the door, receive a nod from their master or mistress; accustomed to the signal, off they start, sometimes ten or twelve, single out a pullet, and chase it round the offices, and through the zig-zag fences, shouting, and often tumbling over each other, this they continue till they tire it out, or pen and catch it; in a minute it is in a pot of boiling water, feathers and all, from whence it is speedily taken out, stripped of its feathers, opened, seasoned, grilled, or fried, with some bacon, and served up in less than half an hour. A glass is mostly set by each cup and saucer, and a large pitcher of milk stands on the table, ready for those who wish it. Our charges were about one dollar and twenty-five cents per day, man and horse.

In several of the houses we were at, I saw a taste for reading prevailed; I recollect, besides Bibles and newspapers, seeing in many of them the *Salmagunda*, *Olive Branch*, and *History of the late War*; three standard works; travels and political pamphlets were also common. A love of liberty is cherished in the hearts of these rough, but high-minded, natives: national pictures, hymns and songs, hanging to the wall, reminded them of the history of the revolution, the events of the late war; and, what is more essential, of the value and necessity of keeping unimpaired their rights and invaluable laws.

The inhabitants are all young and middle aged; we saw but one or two *old* people the whole journey; this scarcity of old men is not because the climate is unhealthy, but because the people are, or were a few years ago, all young settlers. Six or eight children, with little else but a shirt on, are generally playing about the door of every house; the country seems propitious to the increase of the human species. Almost every man owns one or two slaves, and the more a man owns the better he is looked upon, especially in a matrimonial case; as slaves, they are treated kindly, with very few exceptions.

The dress of the people is simple, the men wear either a home manufactured cotton coat, or a hunting shirt and pair of trowsers, with seldom any handkerchiefs round their necks; the women dress in plain gingham, or stripe, all domestic manufacture; they knit their own stockings, spin and weave their clothes and bedding, often make their own candles and shoes, and do almost every thing within themselves. The men are fond of roving about in the woods with their rifle and dog; they are excellent shots, to a certainty bringing down a squirrel or bird from the tallest trees; some of them make considerable profit in finding gensing and wild



honey.\* Too many neglect their farms, which in the end would prove more advantageous, and follow this life almost altogether. They are all good horsemen. I have seen four or five Kentuckians start, to race for a trifling bet, some with saddles and bridles, and some with nothing but a halter; or clapping an old saddle without girths on a horse, whisk out of sight in a few moments. They are said to be curious about travellers and their affairs; it is true they sometimes ask many questions that would be considered impertinent in England, but they will answer any you may propose to them, with the same freedom. The peculiar situation of the country, the thinness of its settlements, the distance they live from old America, have sanctioned the custom. We had something like the following dialogue with a New England man, settled in Kentucky, which I copy, as giving a specimen of the worst English you can possibly hear in America. On arriving at the tavern door the landlord makes his appearance.

Landlord. Your servant, gentlemen, this is a fine day.

Answer. Very fine.

Land. You've got two nice creatures, they are right elegant matches.

Ans. Yes, we bought them for matches.

Land. They cost a heap of dollars (a pause, and knowing look) 200 I calculate.

Ans. Yes, they cost a good sum.

Land. Possible! (a pause) going westward to Ohio, gentlemen?

Ans. We are going to Philadelphia.

Land. Philadelphia, ah! that's a dreadful large place, three or four time as big as Lexington.

Ans. Ten times as large.

Land. Is it by George! what a mighty heap of houses (a pause) but I reckon you was not reared in Philadelphia.

Ans. Philadelphia is not our native place.

Land. Perhaps away up in Canada.

Ans. No, we are from England.

Land. Is it possible! well I calculated you were from abroad (pause) how long have you been from the old country?

Ans. We left England last March.

Land. And in August here you are in Kentuck. Well, I should have guessed you had been in the States some years; you speak almost as good English as we do!

This dialogue is not a literal copy, but it embraces most of the frequent and improper applications of words used in the back country, with a few New England phrases. By the log-house farmer and tavern keeper, they are used as often, and as erroneously, as they occur in the above discourse.†

\* Bees were introduced by the colonists; their increase has been truly astonishing; they have spread over the whole Western States, and even a long way West of the Mississippi, keeping pace in their migrations with the settlers.

† The other words and sayings that are peculiar to the United States, or differently applied to what they are in England, as far as I can recollect, are as follows: (I took some pains to collect them, but there may be a few others.)

Smart, clever, active, industrious, as a smart man. Sick, unwell, they never use the word ill. Log, trunk of a tree when felled and the branches are off. Right away, strait along. Hwisch, Hwen, &c. sometimes used for which, when, &c. Madam, the word spoken at full (except in the cities.) Improved, occupied, as, improved as a tavern. Ingen, Indian.

From the rascality and quarrelsome behaviour of a few, the whole people have got a very bad character amongst the Sister States, especially for blackguardism, and their manner of fighting when intoxicated; but this is certainly confined to the lowest, and it is optional to the fighters. I understand the question is generally asked, *will you fight fair, or take it rough and tumble?* I can whip you either way by G-----! The English reader knows what fair fighting is, but can have little idea of *rough and tumble*; in the latter case, the combatants take every advantage, pull, bite, and kick, and with hellish ferocity strive to gouge, or turn each others' eyes out of their sockets! I never saw a gouging match, and though often of necessity in the lowest company, never had any one offer to do me *that favour*. I believe it is not so common by any means, as is represented. I saw but two men who had been injured by this method of fighting, one had almost lost an eye, and the other, a free negro, was nearly or totally sightless. They both lived on the banks of the Ohio, where this dreadful art is most practised; it was introduced from the Southern States. There certainly ought to be a strong law enacted, to prevent a resort to so brutal a practice; surely it is a disgrace and stigma to the legislature. Prize boxing is unknown in the United States.

Of West Virginia we have interesting details, particularly respecting the state of Slavery, for which we must refer to Mr. Palmer's journal. Thence directing his route through Maryland, and Pennsylvania, he proceeded northwards through the states of New York, New England, and Vermont, to Montreal and Quebec. At this last city Mr. Palmer was witness to a curious custom which is common through the provinces, of paying a visit to any old gentleman, who marries a young wife.

The young men assemble at some friend's house, and disguise themselves as satyrs, negroes, sailors, old men, Catholic priests, &c. &c. Having provided a coffin, and large paper lanterns, in the evening they sally out. The coffin is placed on the shoulders of four of the men, and the lanterns are lighted and placed at the top of poles; followed by a motley group, they proceed towards the dwelling of the new married couple, performing discordantly on drums, fifes, horns, and tinpots, amidst the shouts of the populace. When they arrive at the house of the offender against, and hardy invader of, the laws of love and nature, the coffin is placed down, and a mock service is begun to be said over the supposed body. In this stage of the affair, if Benedict invites them into his house and entertains them, he hears no more of it. If he keeps his doors shut, they return night

Nigger, Negro. Lengthy, long. Progressing, passing. Tote, pull. Boss, master, as my boss. Chunk, a small horse. Tarnation, annoying or excessive, as he is a tarnation fool or rogue. Awful, unpleasant, very, as awful hot. Trade, barter, as will you trade your horse, watch, &c.

after night, every time with a fresh ludicrous composition, as *his courtship*, or *will*, which is read over with emphasis, by one of the frolicking party, who frequently pauses, whilst they salute the ears of the persecuted mortal with their music and shouting. This course is generally repeated till they tire him out, and he commutes with them by giving, perhaps, five pounds towards the frolic, and five pounds for the poor.

A frolic of this sort occurred whilst I stayed here; the parties, composed of young tradesmen, dressed at the Neptune. The case was an old man, Monsieur Ballet, a member of the House of Assembly, who had married his servant maid. He resisted the custom, and refused them admission; they repeated their *music* and *dialogues* every night; he employed constables, who were

intimidated, and dared not seize his motley and inveterate annoyers, who were always attended by a number of sailors and citizens, favourable to the frolic. M. Ballet applied to the mayor, and caused a handbill to be issued, announcing a reward for the discovery and apprehension of the disturbers. The same night they attended again, and a file of soldiers was sent to disperse them. In a few nights they haunted him again, and M. Ballet finding further contention vain, paid a sum of money, and the affair dropped.

Having seen all that was worthy of observation in Lower Canada, Mr. Palmer returned through Albany to New York, where he embarked for Liverpool.

From the London Time's Telescope.

## THE NATURALIST'S DIARY.

### APRIL.

The showers were short, the weather mild,  
The morning fresh, the evening smiled;  
The fields and gardens were beset  
With primrose, crocus, violet:  
Thus all looked gay and full of cheer  
To welcome the new-liveried year.

**S**UCH is Sir Henry Wotton's description of Spring. 'And I do easily believe,' says old Izaak Walton, 'that peace and patience, and a calm content did ever dwell in the cheerful heart of Sir Henry Wotton; because I know, that when he was beyond 70 years of age, he made this description of a part of the present pleasure that possessed him, as he sat quietly in a summer's evening on a bank fishing.' This pleasing season of the year invigorates Nature through her inmost recesses, and flings over every object an air of gaiety and cheerfulness. The weather is mild, with gentleshower, affording to vegetables an abundant supply of water, which is so indispensably necessary to their existence. This is the general character of April; yet we have sometimes very sharp frosts in this month, as well as in its successor, MAY.

The arrival of the swallow about the middle of the month announces the approach of summer. The next bird which appears, after the swallow, is that sweet warbler, the nightingale. The beauty, simplicity, and innocence of the winged tribes, attract particular regard

and attention; we even converse with them in the language of benevolence.

Again the balmy zephyr blows,  
Fresh verdure decks the grove;  
Each bird with vernal rapture glows,  
And tunes his notes to love.

Ye gentle warblers! hither fly,  
And shun the noontide heat;  
My shrubs a cooling shade supply,  
My groves a safe retreat.

Here freely hop from spray to spray,  
Or weave the mossy nest;  
Here rove and sing the live-long day,  
At night here sweetly rest.

Amidst this cool translucent rill  
That trickles down the glade,  
Here bathe your plumes—here drink your fill,  
And revel in the shade.

No schoolboy rude to mischief prone  
E'er shows his ruddy face,  
Or twangs his bow or hurls a stone  
In this sequestered place.

Hither the vocal thrush repairs,  
Secure the linnet sings;  
The goldfinch dreads no slimy snares  
To clog her painted wings.

Sad *Philomel*! ah, quit the haunt,  
Yon distant woods among;  
And round my friendly grotto chaunt  
Thy sweetly plaintive song.

Let not the harmless *red-breast* fear,  
Domestic bird! to come,  
And seek a sure asylum here  
With one that loves his home.

My trees for you, ye artless tribe,  
Shall store of fruit preserve:  
O let me thus your friendship bribe,  
Come, feed without reserve!

For you these cherries I protect—  
To you these plums belong:  
Sweet is the fruit that you have pecked,  
But sweeter far your song!



As a devourer of pernicious insects, one of the most useful birds is the house wren. This little bird seems peculiarly fond of the society of man, and it must be confessed that it is often protected by his interested care. It has long been a custom, in many parts of the country, to fix a small box at the end of a long pole, in gardens, about houses, &c. as a place for it to build in. In these boxes they build and hatch their young. When the young are hatched, the parent birds feed them with a variety of different insects, particularly such as are injurious in gardens. An intelligent gentleman was at the trouble to observe the number of times a pair of these birds came from their box, and returned with insects for their young. He found that they did this from forty to sixty times in an hour; and, in one particular hour, the birds carried food to their young seventy-one times. In this business they were engaged the greater part of the day; say twelve hours. Taking the medium, therefore, of fifty times in an hour, it appeared that a single pair of these birds took from the cabbage, salad, beans, peas, and other vegetables in the garden, at least, six hundred insects in the course of one day. This calculation proceeds upon the supposition, that the two birds took only a single insect each time. But it is highly probable they often took several at a time.

The tenants of the air, are, in this month, busily employed in forming their temporary habitations, and in rearing and maintaining their offspring. Their mode of building, the materials they use, as well as the situations they select, are as various as the different kinds of birds, and are all admirably adapted to their several wants and necessities.

Some to the holly-hedge  
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;  
Some to the rude protection of the thorn  
Commit their feeble offspring: the cleft tree  
Offers its kind concealment to a few,  
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.  
Others apart, far in the grassy dale,  
Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave,  
But most in woodland solitudes delight,  
In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,

Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,  
Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,  
When by kind duty fixed. Among the roots  
Of hazel, pendant o'er the plaintive stream,  
They frame the first foundation of their domes;  
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,  
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought  
But restless hurry thro' the busy air,  
Beat by unnumbered wings. The swallow sweeps  
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house  
Intent. And often, from the careless back  
Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills  
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserved,  
Steal from the barn a straw: till soft and warm,  
Clean and complete, their habitation grows.

The instinct and industry of birds are in nothing more apparent than in the building of their nests. How regular and admirable are these little edifices, formed of such different materials, collected and arranged with such judgment and labour, and constructed with such elegance and neatness, without any other tools than a beak and two feet!

It wins my admiration  
To view the structure of that little work,  
*A bird's nest.* Mark it well within, without.  
No tool had he that wrought, no knife to cut,  
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,  
No glue to join: his little beak was all,  
And yet how neatly finished! What nice hand,  
With every implement and means of art,  
And twenty years' apprenticeship to boot,  
Could make me such another? Fondly then  
We boast of excellence, whose noblest skill  
Instinctive genius foils.

In a former volume (ATH. vol. iii. p. 76) we have spoken at length on the nightingale and other birds of song, noticing the superiority of England in this respect over the continent of America. The observation is lately confirmed by Mr. Cobbett, in his 'Year's Residence in the United States,' in a passage in which the politician has almost forgotten himself into poetry:—'There are two things which I have not yet mentioned, and which are almost wholly wanting here, while they are so amply enjoyed in England, the singing-birds and the flowers. Here are many birds in summer, and some of very beautiful plumage. There are some wild flowers, and some English flowers in the best gardens; but, generally speaking, they are birds without song, and flowers without smell. The linnet (more than a thousand of which I have heard warbling upon one scrubbed oak on the

sand hills in Surrey) the skylark, the goldfinch, the woodlark, the nightingale, the bullfinch, the blackbird, the thrush, and all the rest of the singing tribe, are wanting in these beautiful woods and orchards of garlands. When these latter have dropped their bloom, all is gone in the flowery way. No shepherd's rose, no honeysuckle, none of that endless variety of beauties that decorate the hedges and the meadows in England. No daisies, no primroses, no cowslips, no bluebells, no daffodils, which, as if it were not enough for them to charm the sight and the smell, must have names too to delight the ear. All these are wanting in America.'

A contemporary writer, comparing the songs of nature with those of the opera, beautifully observes:—'The opera-singer sings to please the audience, not herself, and does not always like to be encored in it; but the *thrush*, that awakes at daybreak with its song, does not sing, because it is paid to sing or to please others, or to be admired or criticised. It sings because it is happy: it pours the thrilling sounds from its throat, to relieve the overflowings of its own heart—the liquid notes come from and go to the heart, dropping balm into it, as the gushing spring revives the traveller's parched and fainting lips. That stream of joy comes pure and fresh to the longing sense, free from art and affectation; the same that rises over vernal groves, mingled with the breath of morning, and the perfumes of the wild hyacinth, that waits for no audience, that wants no rehearsing, that exhausts its raptures, and still

Hymns its good God, and carols sweet of love.'

#### FOREST TREES.

**ELM** (*ulmus campestris*).—The elm naturally delights in a stiff, strong soil, where it grows comparatively slow; but, if it be planted in rich, light land, it vegetates most luxuriantly. In the latter case, however, its wood is light, porous, and of little value.

This beautiful tree is of great value, and well adapted for planting shady walks. The elm does not destroy the grass, and its leaves are relished by

horses, cows, goats, hogs, and sheep, all of which eat them eagerly. Its wood, being hard and tough, is used for making axle-trees, mill-wheels, keels of boats, chairs, &c.; it is also frequently changed by art, so as completely to resemble mahogany.

This plant affords subsistence to a variety of insects that prey upon it, but more particularly to the *aphis* of the elm, which generally causes the leaves to curl, so as to make them a secure shelter against the weather.

We know not a finer rural object than an antient avenue of elms: there are many walks of this description in various parts of England, and a very fine one near London, called Camberwell Grove. Long may these avenues remain free from the assaults of the unhallowed axe, too often raised at the nod of some spendthrift heir! then, indeed, the man of sentiment joins the poet in regretting the absence of those

Venerable elms, whose boughs had made  
From winds a shelter, and from heat a shade;  
That formed a vista arched with living green,  
Through which the distant seat *was* grandly seen;  
Where cawing rooks were wont their nests to throng,  
And feathered minstrels thrilled their morning song.

This stately tree was too striking an object among the inhabitants of the grove, to be neglected by the poets. It is frequently alluded to by Virgil. From the manner of the growth of this tree, its use, as a support for the weak and curling vine, was universally deduced; nor is any rural circumstance more often mentioned by the poets, in simile or description. Virgil, indeed, selects the junction of the elm and vine, as the discriminating topic of one whole book of his Georgics. This circumstance is beautifully displayed by Catullus (lxii, 49), as a comparison for the state of a single female:

As on the naked plain th' unwedded vine  
Nor lifts the head, nor forms the generous wine,  
But sinking with its weight, its tallest shoot  
Reflected, bends to meet the distant root;  
Unhonoured, worthless, and forlorn it stands,  
Untilled by lab'ring steers or rustic hands:  
But should a husband elm its aid extend,  
Both lab'ring steers and rustic hinds attend.

The practice of training vines in festoons, over corn and other fields, from



one elm or poplar to another, is still common in Lombardy, Tuscany, the vicinity of Naples, and other parts of Italy. Nothing can be imagined more beautiful than the pendent foliage and fruit of the vine, offering the most agreeable shade from the rays of the sun, and enabling the spectator to contemplate the charming scenery around him, in the midst of the most refreshing coolness.

Cattle, we learn, were fed with the

leaves of elms, which were a most agreeable repast to them; and Mr. Evelyn mentions the same practice as prevailing in England in his time. The elm, in its natural state of a wide-spreading shady tree, is pitched upon by Virgil (*Æn.* vi, 282), as the roosting-place of dreams in Orcus:—

Full in the midst, a spreading elm displayed  
His aged arms, and cast a mighty shade;  
Each trembling leaf with some light vision teems,  
And heaves impregnated with airy dreams.—Pitt.

## VARIETIES.

### EPITAPH.

**I**N the churchyard at Keyshoe, in Bedfordshire, is the following inscription, now almost obliterated. The event to which it relates, together with the circumstances which are known to have been connected with it appear too remarkable to be consigned to oblivion.

“In Memory of the Mighty Hand of the Great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who preserved the life of William Dickens, April 17, 1718, when he was pointing the steeple, and fell from the ridge of the middle window in the spire, over the South West pinnacle. He dropped upon the battlement, and there broke his leg and foot, and drove down two long coping stones, and so fell to the ground, with his neck upon one standard of his chair, when the other end took the ground. He was heard by his brother to cry, when near the ground, “*Christ have mercy upon me! Lord Jesus Christ help me!*”

It is added, that he died, November 29, 1759, aged 73 years.

The height from whence this person fell, was not less than 132 feet, and his leg and foot were exceedingly fractured, but his damage in other respects was so trifling, that he lived more than 40 years afterwards, and within seven months from the time of this fall, he was capable of ascending the steeple, and he then finished pointing the spire.

The chair in which he sat was suspended by a strong rope of four strands; yet it parted evidently through the rocking of the spire, occasioned by the striking of the church clock at 8 in the morning. Upon examining the rope, it appeared that three of the strands, out of the four which composed it, *had been previously cut through with a knife!*

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Mr. Dickens had been in company, the evening before this event, with a person of the same business; and a strong suspicion was entertained that this man had cut the rope, in revenge for being disappointed of the job.—Whether this suspicion was well or ill founded, must be referred to the unerring Judge of the hearts and lives of all. But one fact is as certain as it was awful: the same man having shortly after finished building a stack of chimnies, climbed to the top of them, to give an exulting cheer to the persons assembled there, when the work, not being dry, gave way, and falling with him, killed him on the spot. “*The Lord is known by the Judgment which he executeth: the wicked is snared in the work of his own hands.*”

### STERNHOLD AND HOPKINS.

Sternhold, who versified only fifty-one of the Psalms, died in 1549. Hopkins, a clergyman and schoolmaster in Suffolk, versified fifty-eight; Whittingham five, among which is the 119th; Norton twenty-seven; Wisdome one; the 7th and 25th have the initials of W. K. and the 106th those of T. C.

Archbishop Parker, during his exile, translated the Psalms into English verse. He adhered to the Lutheran manner of setting them; they were never published. But the most ample and complete edition of the Psalms, in parts, which appeared in England during the sixteenth century, was that printed at London, by T. Est, 1594;

the former publications contained only forty tunes, but this furnished one to every Psalm.

We are told by Menestrier that psalms and hymns were the opera songs of the fifteenth centuries; and Varillas assures us, that the airs applied to the French version of the Psalms were those of the best songs of those times. The Psalms are, in general, now sung in a very wretched manner, and banish from the mind those devout aspirations they are meant to impart. This is particularly exemplified in those parish churches where there is no organ.

Roger Ascham, in a letter from Augsburg, dated 14th of May, 1551, says, "Three or four thousand singing at a time in a church in this city is but a trifle." And in Bishop Jewel's letter to Peter Martyr, he says "Sometimes at Paul's Cross, there will be six thousand people singing together."

In Scotland psalmody was practised very early by the reformers; and about the year 1555, one Elizabeth Adamson, a follower of Knox, died singing metrical psalms.

The Puritans of England, who, in the reign of Elizabeth, devoted our cathedral service to destruction, assigned the absolute necessity of that simple kind of music which might be understood by the whole congregation. But all who read the scriptures will find singing men and singing women retained for divine service: and singing necessarily implies being skilled in music. Now, in many conventicles, and even parish churches in the country, each line of a Psalm is pronounced by the parish clerk before it is sung by the congregation: this is sufficient to shew that the words are injured and disguised by the monotonous manner of general psalm-singing.

#### SAXON ANECDOTE.

PRINCE ANTOINE, the present heir-apparent of the throne of Saxony, is a person of extremely recluse and monkish habits, frequently enjoining himself to the performance of the most rigorous penances (though his whole life is a series of ceremonies), and bestowing

almost his entire income in donations to the monasteries. The King, his father, himself a strict disciplinarian, has often remonstrated with him on his excessive bigotry, but without any other effect than that of increasing it. In the year 1810, the confessor of this Prince persuaded him that his good works would be incomplete, unless he consummated them by a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, but well aware that the King would never consent to the project, he instigated the Prince to propose to his father to send him on some minor doctrinal embassy to the court of Rome, from whence he might secretly undertake the journey. The Prince followed this advice, but the King rejected the proposed embassy, and suspecting something of the real design, strictly forbade his son leaving Dresden, on any pretence whatever. In this dilemma, the Confessor hit upon another expedient, and carefully computing the number of paces between Dresden and Jerusalem, the enthusiastic Prince actually performed the pilgrimage, with unremitting zeal, in his apartments, under the close superintendence of the confessor and some other monks of his order.

#### SUPERSTITION.

The people of Lithuania believe that it is not good for a corpse to be in such a situation that it may be seen in the looking-glass. Some even say that the dead person gets up and looks at himself in the glass; it is therefore the general custom to hang something over all the looking-glasses in the room where the corpse lies.

On new-year's eve they burn tow. Every girl takes some tow or flax, rolls it fast together in a ball, sets it on fire, and throws it up into the air. She whose ball flies the highest, or burns the longest, will be married the following year.

If they spin on Shrove Tuesday, the flax does not prosper; but if they ride out on that day, they have good flax. Through all Lithuania, therefore, they ride abroad on Shrove Tuesday. If people do not go out themselves, they at least send their servants.



Peas must be sowed when the wind blows from a rainy quarter; in that event they boil well.

When the grass is mowed at new moon, the cattle do not eat it, or at least do not like it. This is asserted by sensible farmers, who are, in other respects, more free from superstition.

When the master or mistress of the house dies, notice of it must be given by rattling the keys to the horses, and other cattle, and particularly to the bees; otherwise, the cattle die, the trees wither, and the bees perish, or take flight.

If a hare runs across the road, it bodes misfortune; a fox, on the contrary, a happy journey, and good news.

Any one taking a needle in her hand on Good Friday, is in danger from the lightning. To do any kind of work on that day brings misfortune.

Girls must be weaned in the wane of the moon, otherwise their bosom becomes too prominent; and boys must be weaned in the increase of the moon, that they may become large and strong. But no children must be weaned when the birds of passage migrate, lest they become restless and unsteady.

When a visitor drives away, the room or hall must not be immediately swept, as that would cause the traveller to meet with an accident.

Many Lithuanians wear a broad leather girdle round their bodies over their clothes. This girdle descends from father to son, and is a mark of honour, which shews that their ancestors assisted the Elector Frederic William the Great, in the battle near the village of Splitter, and took these girdles from the Swedes.—*Lit. Gaz.*

#### ILLUSTRATION of OBSCURE SAYINGS, &c.

##### TORY AND WHIG.

*Whig-a-more* was a nick-name given to the western peasantry of Scotland, from their using the word frequently in driving strings of horses. Hence, as connected with the Calvinistical principles in religion, and republican doctrines in policy, it was given as a term of reproach to the opposition party in the latter years of Charles II. These re-

torted upon the courtiers the word *Tory*, signifying an Irish freebooter, and particularly applicable to the Roman Catholic followers of the Duke of York, afterwards James II. At length both parties acknowledged and prided themselves on the distinctions originally meant to convey reproach and disgrace.

##### ROUNDHEADS AND CAVALIERS.

The fanatics in the time of Charles I. ignorantly applying the text—"Ye know that it is a shame for men to have long hair," cut theirs very short. It is said that the queen, once seeing Pym, a celebrated patriot, thus cropped, inquired "Who that *round head* was?" and from this incident the distinction became general, and the party were called Round-heads. "The Round-heads," said Swift, "were caused by an operation of art, produced by a pair of scissors, a squeeze of the face, and a black cap."

##### THE HORN, OR CROWN.\*

Mr. Bruce, in his travels, observed in a cavalcade the head-dress of the governours of the provinces. A large broad fillet was bound upon their forehead and tied behind their head. In the middle of this was a HORN, or a conical piece of silver gilt, much in the shape of our candle extinguishers. This is called *Kirn* or *Horn*, and is only worn in reviews or public rejoicings for victory. This custom, borrowed from the Hebrews, our traveller conceives, will explain several allusions to it in Scripture. "*I said unto fools, deal not foolishly, and to the wicked, lift not up the HORN....lift not up your HORN on high; speak not with a stiff neck....But my HORN shalt thou exalt like the horn of an unicorn....And the HORN of the righteous shall be exalted with honour.*" And thus in many other passages throughout the Psalms.

##### SOLITUDE.

Madame de Staël considered it as a vulgar error, to suppose that freedom and comfort could be enjoyed at court or in public, where even the minute

\* See *Ath.* vol. 4, p. 144.

actions of our lives are observed, where our sentiments must be regulated by the circumstances of those around us, where every person assumes the right of scrutinizing our character, and where we never have the smallest enjoyment of *ourselves*. "*The enjoyment of one's self,*" says she, "*can only be found in solitude.—It was within the walls of the Bastille, that I first became acquainted with myself.*"

#### PETRIFYING FOUNTAIN.

In our volume iv. p. 475 is an interesting account of water turned into marble, in Persia; and the fountain of St. Allyre, which runs to Clermont-Fenand, in the department of Ruy-de-Dome, is justly ranked among the wonders of nature in France, on account of the petrifying property of its waters. The various calcareous matters, held in solution by the water, penetrates so perfectly through bodies submitted to its action, that they become identified with them, are mingled deeply with their substance, and assume their forms; thus by their concretion, they change into solid masses, into true stones, vegetables, flowers, branches of trees, limbs, and entire animals. This phenomenon of nature, which in some measure calls to mind the fable of the Metamorphoses, has given the idea to an inhabitant of the country to carry to Paris a number of these singular productions, and to form a cabinet of curiosities in the Croix-des-Petits-Champs, No. 21.—You see there a fox running after a fowl, which reminds you of the dog in the fable which reaches but never seizes the hare that does not fly from it—a spaniel always ready to follow his master—birds, that are trembling with fear, so that you might think they were petrified by fright, &c. &c. All the objects which the cabinet contains, seem as if fixed by the head of Medusa. So much does the image of life remain deeply imprinted on the victim of death, that some preserving power prevents you from noticing the seal of destruction.

The proprietors of this cabinet have had the honour of presenting to the King a petrified bed. They shew also

a picture representing the magic fountain and its landscapes, and the visit which the Duke d'Angoulême had the curiosity to make to it. One of the most astonishing works of this fountain is, to have produced, by successive concretions, a natural bridge, which is extremely picturesque, and the arch of which is decorated with stalactytes. This bridge makes one of the beauties of the picture.

#### ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF WATERLOO.

From the Gentleman's Magazine, Nov. 1818.

The following memoranda were communicated, some by a Traveller, others by an Officer.

The Forest of Soignies disappoints the visitant, because the trees are quite young, and very slender. It is perforated with some intricate bye-roads. By means of these, a person well acquainted with the spot was conveying some refreshments of a superior kind to the Duke of Wellington upon the 18th of June. When he arrived in presence of his Grace, he informed the messenger, that the battle was over, and bade him dispense the viands among the wounded sufferers.

A person who had an opportunity, during a part of the battle, of observing the Duke, thus describes his Grace's anxiety: he says, that he saw him pick up straws from the trampled corn, and twist and pinch them with every air of internal agitation.

The Wellington Tree (like the Shakspeare Mulberry) is sadly mutilated for relics by the visitants. Upon the arrival of English strangers, children run out of the cottages, with knives or axes to scoop out balls from the trees, in hopes of thus obtaining some *sous*.

When the plough first passed over the ground, the toes and finger bones thrown on the surface were disgusting objects. The spots where the dead were interred are still strongly exhibited (July 1818) by a rankness of growth in the corn.

Several of the cottages are distinguished by the graves of Officers, elegantly decorated. For, though the



*modest* professors of Popery can ask us Protestants for Emancipation, yet they will not allow our bodies to rest in their Church-yards. One would thus suppose, that Protestantism did not consist in the mind, but in the muscles, and a man could be a heretic, when he was a corpse. The advocates of such nonsense ought to know, that the refusal of interment, under the circumstances in question, is an absolute outrage to the human species, for it treats a man as if he were a dog.

A woman is described in the printed accounts, as stopping at one of the farm-houses in the village of Mont St. Jean, during the battle, to take care of the pigs and cattle. It was only a female, who, from infirmities, had not the means of escaping.

The wife of a peasant with a large family died with terror. The Duke is said to have behaved very liberally to the poor surviving husband.

His Grace this summer (1818) *ciceronied* a party of ladies over the field of battle. John Bull's family still visits the spot in almost daily parties from Brussels. Many amusing anecdotes of them are retailed at Brussels. Among these are the following: one honest devotee of the great national viand arrived at an hotel, but not being able to speak French, called out, "Bring me a Beef-steak." The order was explained to the waiter, who served him up one of the form and size of a card. "What have you got there, a frog's leg?" "Non, Monsieur." This he comprehended, but ordered another, and proceeded to the amount of *nine*. The wondering waiter, upon his return to the kitchen, shrugged up his shoulders, and exclaimed, "Ah! Monsieur Anglois, he eats nothing but *bœuf-stoke*." Another of our countrymen asked what he was to call the waiter? *Garçon*, was the reply. Having some very faint knowledge of French, and not a very clear head, he confounded it with another word of similar termination, and called to the waiter "Cochon, Cochon, &c. &c. i.e. pig, pig, bring me, &c. This, by the way, is the appellation which, from his person, the disaffected

French give to their virtuous and amiable Sovereign.

An old wooden chair at La Belle Alliance, where Blucher or Wellington sat, is exhibited, and regularly squatted into by the visitors. Hougomont remains in ruinous *statu quo*, and the walls of the Chapel are inscribed with pencilled names of the visitors. Among these is that of the Bishop of London. A piece of brick from the garden-wall is one of the relics brought away by the visitors.

A Belgian Gentleman was asked a question concerning the battle, by the traveller. His answer was, "The English were cut to pieces: the Prussians and Belgians won the day." At Ghent, the traveller, in company with a Naval Officer and his lady, was thus accosted by three Dutch soldiers, "Tam your eyes, you Englis fis." Whether they alluded to insular situation, or our habits of boxing and meant *fish* or *fist*, is not easy to decide.

The Officer relates the following: he belongs to a corps of Hussars. It is well known, that the French ride mostly upon a walk or a canter; they rarely trot, and if they do, do not rise in the stirrups. They were astonished to see our Hussars leap over a fence and ditch. One of the Cuirassiers, like another Goliath, faced a regiment of our light cavalry, and challenged any one of them to single combat. A private rode out and engaged him. The armour and skill of the Frenchman baffled all his efforts for victory. The dragoon, after a long struggle, found himself wearied, in short exhausted and in danger. Ashamed to retreat, and unwilling to die (if such a fate could be avoided) he pulled out his pistol, and shot the unexpected cuirassier. Being reproached for this conduct, when he returned to the ranks, by his officers and comrades, he defended himself by stating the necessity under which he laboured. All this was true; but if it did not occasion, at least it contributed to sanction, the massacre of the light cavalry prisoners taken by the French.

At every charge of the lancers, by the light cavalry, one man in three was lost

by the latter. Their orders were to parry the lance, by the sabre, stoop down, rise up close to the enemy, and pistol or cut him down. Still it is plain, that nothing but a similar weapon can avail.

#### BARON HORNSTEIN.

"Bavaria, January, 1819 :....We have witnessed here a superb funeral of the Baron Hornstein, a courtier ; but the result is what induces me to mention it in my letter. Two days after, the workmen entered the mausoleum, when they witnessed an object that petrified them ! At the door of the sepulchre lay a body covered with blood---it was the mortal remains of this favourite of courts and princes. The Baron was buried alive ! On recovering from his trance he had forced the lid of the coffin, and endeavoured to escape from a charnel-house---it was impossible ! and therefore, in a fit of desperation, as it is supposed, he dashed his brains out against the wall. The royal family, and indeed the whole city, are plunged in grief at the horrid catastrophe."

#### STORIA D'UNA DONNA, &c.

History of an Italian lady, covered with black hairs. By C. Ruggieri. This is a remarkable case, we might almost say singular,

did not our recollection furnish us with others in old authors. It is not easy to account for the departure of nature from her usual course in such instances ; but happily they are rare. Whether the posterity of such persons partake of the same disposition, may perhaps be determined from the instance here recorded ; but we do not wish this lady a bear for her husband, in order to enjoy the pleasure of knowing that the question has been put to the test of experiment.

#### PATENT SHIP.

Mr. W. Annesley has obtained a patent in this country and America for building vessels on a new principle, namely, by alternate layers of planks, the grain of which passes from stem to stern ; and by other layers passing under the vessel from one gunwale to another. These are tree-nailed, or bolted together, without timbers, knees, breast hooks, or stern ; and without metal below, except a few bolts in the keel, and the rudder irons. The planks are all let into mortices, the cutwater, keel and stern-post, being all added after the hull of the vessel is in other respects complete. He enumerates a great many advantages which, he says, must result from his system of building, such as increased strength, capability, buoyancy, swiftness in sailing, tightness, &c.

Mr. A. SALAME, who accompanied Lord Exmouth as interpreter to Algiers, has just published a Narrative of the Expedition.

## POETRY.

### COUNT BERTRAM.

#### A PROVENÇAL TALE.

[By the Author of *Legends of Lampidosa, &c.*]

A DOME stands on yon grassy steep,  
Where west-winds sigh o'er Ocean's sleep ;  
No guest invades its threshold green,  
No sun beam in its hall is seen :  
There dwells a pale and palsied man,  
Whose brow the stranger fears to scan.  
When midnight veils the silent hour,  
He lingers in his lonely bower,  
And only when the stars are few,  
His wand'ring steps disturb the dew.

If ye have felt the sullen haze  
Which wraps the sun's far distant rays,  
Ye well may guess the damp controul  
Of silent Bertram's shrouded soul :  
Remote from touch, yet ever nigh,  
It chill'd the heart but mock'd the eye !  
As mists the captive spirit chain,  
With slow, yet unresisted reign.  
But friendship once, when life was new,  
Gave Bertram's soul a brighter hue ;  
His mood was fierce, his fancy wild,  
Yet sunk to peace when Raymond smil'd ;  
He lov'd the race if Raymond ran,—  
His mirth with Raymond's joy began :  
One star their kindred bosoms sway'd  
To melt before one blue eyed maid.

But gentle Raymond's softer sighs,  
From silent Bertram won the prize :  
Yet still in friendship's links they moved,—  
Together mus'd,—together lov'd.  
Together to a distant shore  
They went—but one returned no more.  
Tis said, on dark Euphrates' tide,  
A lonely raft was seen to glide,  
And savage hands in silence spread  
The printless sand which hides the dead.  
But there, as wand'ring Arabs tell,  
A shadowy mourner loves to dwell ;  
For oft beneath that secret mound  
Soft sighs and whisp'ring murmurs sound ;  
And once a spectre, wan and fair,  
Sat in the yellow moonlight there,  
They say such wand'ring spirits seek  
The tears on widow'd beauty's cheek.  
And bring those holy drops to lave  
The roses round a victim's grave.

But safe from Mosul's desert sand  
Lord Bertram sought his native land,  
Lost Raymond's mourning bride to claim,  
And plead for love in friendship's name.  
Too late he sued !—her death fixed eye  
Gave to his hope a last reply—  
And closed ere trembling lips could tell  
How wretched Edwin fought and fell.  
One hope, in life and death supreme,  
Lent to her look its parting beam :—  
But Bertram's eye could never dare  
To read the thought still written there !



He durst not lift his brow to meet  
That look in silent peace so sweet ;  
It would have chill'd his soul too much,  
Her damp and earthy hand to touch,—  
To see, dissolved in senseless clay,  
The prize which lured his soul astray ;  
His soul's repose was stak'd to buy  
The light of that extinguished eye !—  
Now all has vanished !—what shall now  
Redeem his friendship's broken vow ?  
He fled,—and none have ever known,  
Where Bertram hid his bitter groan.

Sweet Garonelle ! thy vine-clad plain,  
Long-banished Bertram treads again,  
And half-forgets what years are past  
Since, rich in hope, he trod it last.  
Not all forget him ----- from the mead  
His voice re-calls the time-worn steed ;  
The feeble greyhound, old and blind,  
Starts at his step and snuffs the wind ;  
To man, unthankful man alone,  
The wearied wand'rer is unknown !  
Yon hoary hind was blithe and young,  
When last the forest lay he sung  
To soothe his jocund master's ear,  
While hound and huntsman slumbered near :  
But that forgotten-master now  
Has wrinkles on his silvered brow,  
And never more shall fancy greet  
His pillow with a dream so sweet,  
As when upon that rock reclined  
He slumbered in the summer wind !

Yet in the deep and silent dell,  
Washed by thy waters, Garonelle !  
A treasure still remains to bless  
His stony bosom's drear recess.  
Long-buried Raymond's orphan child,  
Blooms sheltered in that woodland wild ;—  
A babe, the fairest heaven could give,  
To shew how cherubs look and live.  
Pure as the vine-leaf just unfurled,—  
Soft as the tendril round it curled,—  
That tender bud of beauty blows,  
Unblighted by a parent's woes :  
And, see !—the fost'ring cottage still  
Peeps far below the cavern'd hill !  
Its casement glimmers through the trees—  
He scents the woodbine in the breeze :  
Which round its open porch he twined,  
Ere hope and peace he left behind.  
O haste ! the tardy gate unbar !—  
A gentle guardian comes from far.  
Alas ! no cherub's smile is near,  
His worn and wasted heart to cheer ;  
A thief has found the precious flower  
And torn it from its native bower !

\* \* \* \*

" Confessor ! shun the hopeless bed  
Which hides a guilty mourner's head !  
What now avails the golden hoard,  
By fortune's lavish bounty poured  
On him, whom none remain to bless,  
In life's long wintry wilderness !  
The wretch who digs this thankless soil,  
Has yet a hope to gild his toil ;  
Some babe his parting kiss to crave,  
Some pious hand to smooth his grave,

But not one kindred tear shall fall  
To gem his lonely master's pall !  
Fond witless slaves !—with envious eyes  
Ye gaze and wonder at his sighs ;  
Ye guess not with how weak a voice,  
Pomp bids the ruined heart rejoice  
Of him who, withering to the core,  
Can hope, and trust, and love no more :  
Condemned to live till life is cold,  
While sapless hope itself grows old ;  
Till, frozen into lethargy,  
The sleeping soul begins to die :  
And death, the body's welcome doom,  
Scarcely gives a deeper, darker tomb !"  
" Peace, mourner, to thy parting hour !  
Thy tears are precious as the shower  
Which gently drops at close of day,  
And melts the ling'ring cloud away.  
Now let soft Melody's controul  
In brief oblivion lap thy soul :  
The minstrel in thy lonely hall  
Awaits thy hospitable call—  
A white-winged cherub hovers near  
When Music breathes in Sorrow's ear."

Soft thro' the shadowy arches round  
Swells a lone harp's soul-stealing sound !  
Such sounds from lyres ethereal creep,  
When angels minister to Sleep.  
Hark to that voice !—with dulcet trills  
The pause a youthful songster fills :  
Of Pleasure's fleeting sway he sings,  
And light as Love's ambrosial wings  
His fingers sweep the warbling strings :  
With low responses, soft and long,  
Fond echo cadences the song.  
Ere yet that heaven-drawn sound departs,  
Dark Bertram from his pillow starts—  
Wrapped in a minstrel's russet weeds,  
The gentle songster's form recedes ;  
But from his brow, serene and bold,  
He parts his locks of elust'ring gold :  
Such blushes tinge his downy cheek  
As morning's milkwhite vapour streak,  
While brightly roll his azure eyes  
Like Cupid's, hid in mortal guise.

" Fair boy !—thy mellow warblings seem  
The whispers of a holy dream !  
Thou hast the voice which other days  
Have heard imperial senates praise :  
Those days are past !—that envied tongue  
Lies in the silent grave unstrung.  
But whence art thou whose magic hand  
Pours on my ear this solace bland ?"

" Chaldea's lonely wilds among  
I learnt my sad and simple song :  
Once on Euphrates' silent bank,  
To slumber in its cave I sank ;  
Methought the swelling mound beneath,  
A plaintive minstrel seem'd to breathe,—  
' Tread softly ! 'midst this barren sand  
Lie relies of a bounteous hand !  
Revere the dust !—it once was part  
Of noble Raymond's trusting heart ;  
If yet with vital warmth it glow'd,  
On thee its bounty would have flow'd !'  
So spoke my dream by morning's light  
This ruby circlet met my sight,

Rich with his symbol and his name—  
Will Bertram's hand the relic claim?"

Red glows the fire in Bertram's eye—  
"Away!—'tis false—he did not die—  
Could Mosul's turban'd ruffians dare  
To touch the head they vow'd to spare?—  
They vow'd,—or I had never sold  
Lost Raymond to their dungeon's hold.  
O no!—he died not;—ever here,  
He sits my lonely pillow near,  
And smiles as once, when life was young,  
He smil'd when to the race he sprung.  
Monk!—tô thy mould'ring cell return!  
Thy frozen spirit cannot learn  
What fires round scorpion Conscience burn!  
Yet thou hast tears—I feel them now  
Drop balmy on my blasted brow!  
Kind father!—keep that precious tear  
To hallow my forsaken bier—  
Deep let me rest by Raymond's side,  
With his my nameless ashes hide;  
His pitying soul shall vigils keep,  
And wrap me in eternal sleep!"

"Come to thy rest, forgiven son,  
The meed of penitence is won!  
Lost Raymond's ransom'd hand receive,  
These tears, this last embrace believe!  
Fate yields me yet one germ of joy,  
Our lov'd one's pledge—this beauteous boy;  
A father found the cherish'd flow'r,  
And stole it from thy secret bow'r—  
Live, Bertram!—to thy contrite breast  
The pleading orphan once was prest;  
I give thee back thy gracious tears  
Thy pity gave his infant years;  
His tuneful tongue shall plead for thee,  
While Death unveils Eternity!"

It is the pause—the pause of breath,  
When life's best beauty blends with death.  
Dark Bertram dies—his frozen eye  
Gleams with repentant ecstasy;  
His lips are clay-cold, but the pray'r  
Of bland Contrition trembles there.  
Go, Priest of Mercy, to thy shrine!  
A heritage of bliss is thine,  
More than imperial victors know,  
The blessing of a pardon'd foe!

V.

## WINTER IN THE COUNTRY TO WINTER IN TOWN.

[By the same.]

WONDROUS dull, I confess!—while the north-  
wind is blowing,  
And nothing on earth but the icicles growing,  
I'll write to you, coz;—though 'tis scarcely in reason  
To send you a letter so much out of season;  
So distant we live, it had better be undone—  
'Tis six months at least ere 'twill reach you in Lon-  
don!  
While you at the Wells, the Parade, or Pavillion,  
Send cards to a thousand and bow to a million,  
Suck health from gas pies, or platina and wire,  
Or go out to sea in a chariot of fire,

I pine on plum-gruel, oat-cake and salt-salmon,  
With chillblains and charcoal, mincepies and back-  
gammon,  
The wide chimney smoking—the frozen boys sneez-  
ing,  
Red squires and grey gossips the ale-posset seizing;  
While nuts on the hearth false or true hearts dis-  
cover,  
And Maud hides the misletoe-branch from her lover—  
To what would a rhymers compare us?—in verity,  
Poor me to Adversity—you to Prosperity.

Now mark, and don't frown—if I'm well under-  
stood,

How easy my simile is to make good:  
You open your reign in the glory of June,  
Like Fortune's young heiress in Life's summer noon;  
With new vis-a-vis and barouche you come out  
To park and to play, to court-gala and rout!  
O'er caps, cards, and concerts, unrivalled preside,  
Of Pleasure the queen and of Fashion the guide,  
Rose cream at your toilet, gilt cards at your door,  
Of noddees two thousand—of friends fifty score—  
At one, all the news from Spitzbergen and Plata—  
At two, Albemarle-street, gas, granite, and strata—  
At three, the pave, the bazaar, or the Row—  
At four, half a glance at the new crape rousseau;  
At five—mercy, heav'n!—is no new novel come?  
Well, drive to Frescati's—Bell's—Colburn's—and  
Home!

Then, then comes the glory!—on *your* Winter night,  
What garlands, what perfumes, what stars of newlight!  
All midsummer's flowers at your feet, and of all  
The fruits of all seasons, the prime at your call—  
O Fortune!—how near on thy feathery throne  
Art thou to the pageant of Winter in ton!  
So brief and so frail are the dear-purchas'd flow'rs  
That strew thy gay carpet and cling to thy bow'rs—  
Unwillingly forc'd the dull pageant to deck,  
A mock'ry to-day, and to-morrow a wreck;  
Most bright when most joyless, as when the sun goes,  
The west all its gold, rouge, and foppery shows:  
And thou in the toys by thy wantonness bought;  
Like Asia's poor fly in the flow'r-cup art caught;  
Pomp, gay and full-blown, spreads its soft silky snare,  
And Peace, like the emerald insect, dies there!—  
I, plain rustic Winter, my cottage-fire trim,  
Like haggard Adversity meagre and grim,  
Bare thorns round my pathway, hoar frosts on my  
thatch,

But only the friends of my heart lift the latch!  
Friends fearless of storms as the holly that twines  
Round Industry's hearth when the yulefaggot shines.  
The straw roof is dear while the tempest blows loud,  
And Reason sees comforts in Poverty's cloud;  
Slow, silent, and soft as the snow-wreaths they fall,  
But swiftly they spread till they whiten o'er all!  
Prosperity's slave, shallow Fashion loves thee,  
Brisk Industry, Wisdom, and Health, follow me:  
Of Reason the fruit, and of Pleasure the flow'r,  
Owe ripeness and bloom to my rigorous hour.  
A season of shadows, of blights, and of frost,  
Comes next, when the pomp of thy revels is lost;  
While I for the sunshine of summer prepare,  
And open Life's garden, by me made more fair:  
Gay Spring follows me with her hyacinth-crown,  
But dull sighing Autumn ends Winter in Town.

V.

Sept. 30, 1818.